WAR DAYS IN BRITTANY

ELSIE DEMING JARVES

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WAR DAYS IN BRITTANY

By ELSIE DEMING JARVES

PRIVATE EDITION

This is No. 274
of a limited edition printed
for private circulation.

THE AUTHOR.

MRS. DEMING JARVES
Officier de l'Académie

MEDAL OF THE RECONNAISSANCE FRANCAISE

By decree of the President of the Republic, the silver medal of the Reconnaissance Francaise was conferred on Mrs. Elsie Deming Jarves for the devotion she showed since the beginning of the war to our wounded.

The Citation reads as follows:

"Mrs. Deming Jarves, since the beginning of the war, showed the most generous solicitude for our wounded soldiers in Brittany, has never spared herself and has shown the greatest devotion."

As announced elsewhere, Mr. Deming Jarves was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor for the same cause.

The above article is reprinted from "Le Nouvelliste de Bretagne," *a French daily paper published in Rennes, the capital of Brittany.*

WAR DAYS IN BRITTANY

BY

ELSIE DEMING JARVES

Printed by
SATURDAY NIGHT PRESS, INC.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
1920

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TO THOSE GENEROUS
AMERICANS
FROM WHOM CAME THE
FINANCIAL AID AND MORAL ENCOURAGEMENT
NECESSARY TO HELP US THROUGH
THESE DAYS,
IS DEDICATED THIS
LITTLE COLLECTION OF PERSONAL
EXPERIENCES DURING THE
GREAT WAR

Institut de France

MADAME:

Vous avez véçu dans notre pays ces années de terrible guerre; vous vous êtes interressée à tout ce que nous avons véçu de misères, à tout ce qu'on souffert nos enfants. Vous m'avez demandé combien des miens étaient mort; J'avais quatre petits neveux, trois sont tombés au Champ d'Honneur; un reste qui etait aviateur en Russie et qui a obtenu trois citations à l'ordre de l'armée, cela, c'est le cas habituel des familles Bourgoises; je ne me plaine pas, ne m'eu vaute: Aucun des enfants, n'était marié, aucun n'a laissé d'enfants; mais les morts sont nombreux ailleur et leurs veuves et leurs petits enfants vivent. Il faut qu'ils vivent; ne serait ce que pour opposer encore leurs poitrines aux Barbares quand ils reviendront sur nous pour engager la Suprème bataille. Deux millions de Français sont mort sauver la liberté du monde. Ils ont donné aux autres le temps de venir, mais le temps comme, ils l'ont payé!

Si l'Amérique veut aider leurs enfants à s'instruire, et à se former aux bonnes études nous l'accepterons; ceux qui sont mort sont mort pour Elle comme ils sont mort pour la France. Veuillex agréer Madame l'hommage de mes sentiments respectueux.

FREDERIC MASSON.

December 12, 1918.

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IN BRITTANY

IN BRITTANY

I

Sing me a song of the west country
Where priest and peasant still abide;
Where giant cliffs come down to the sea
To lave their feet in the long green tide;
Atlantic rollers, huge and free,
Beat high on the coast of Brittany!

II

Sing of the pearly sky hung low,
Of verdant forests girding the land!
Where heather and gorse on the hillsides glow,
The long gray lines of the Menhir stand,
Guarding their secret constantly
Through age-long silence, in Brittany.

III

The high-flung roofs in lichen decked,
Yellow and green and golden-brown,
With tiny flowers and weeds o'er-flecked,
Shelter the cottages of the town;
While up from the chimneys, silently,
Floats the thin, blue smoke of Brittany.

IV

A gleam of brass through the open door,
Of walled-in bed of carven oak,
Of polished flags upon the floor,
'Neath heavy rafters black with smoke;
The song of the wheel as, cannily,
The wife spins her flax in Brittany.

V

The sabots clatter down the street,
The church bell sounds across the bay,
The brown sails of the fishing fleet
Grow black against the dying day;
While sun and peace sink glowingly
Upon the land of Brittany.

VI

Mystic and weird is the ancient tale
Of Arthur and Merlin, and knights of old!
Of Celtic ardor, and holy Grail,
Of Church, and Priest, and Castlehold!
Of Prince and Peasant ardently
Guarding the faith in Brittany.

VII

Land of the Legends! Country of Dreams—
Of Saints, and Pardons, and Ancient Faith!
Deep-hidden beside your forest streams
Still live the sprites and ghostly wraith!
Land of Crosses, where, fervently,
The peasants still pray in Brittany!

VIII

Brave are your sons as they sail the seas
'Mid storm and tempest and winter gale!
Brave the wife as she waits on the leas
For the distant gleam of homing sail!
Brave and patient and earnestly
The peasants still pray in Brittany!

—Elsie Deming Jarves.

THE TRAIN OF THE WOUNDED

Top—Deming Jarves Motor Car at the Station.
Center—First Wounded Arriving at Dinard.
Bottom—Arriving at the Hospitals.

THE TRAIN OF THE WOUNDED

The train draws up gently, soldiers appear at the doors, silent and patiently waiting, some with foreheads swathed in reddening bandages, others with their arms in slings, again others leaning on crutches. One could not judge of the number, as more wounded were lying on the seats. One saw only black and white and yellow faces peering anxiously forth, and one understood that these soldiers had no words to express their sufferings, they only wait "for help."

A young doctor, just commencing his life of self-sacrifice, his eyes heavy with fever, his shoulders drooping with fatigue, seeks the military doctor in charge at the station and hands him a list giving him some information, brief and military, on the wounded hundreds behind him. Some are so injured they must have instant help. Here are men who may travel further; seeking from station to station the promised assistance.

The more desperately wounded are removed on stretchers; the nuns bring cooling water to wash their fevered hands and faces; the nurses bring them food and hot coffee; kind hands replace their slings, awry; boys and girls bring them newspapers, cigarettes and candies. All wish to express their admiration and devotion to these humble defenders of France.

All along the vast platforms are rows of stretchers, each laden with its suffering humanity. One counts the men

by the upturned boot soles. Alas! those wounded in the legs hang brokenly down. Here a wretched man with broken shoulder wanders toward the operating room, installed in every railway station. There a feeble comrade leans on the shoulders of a nurse as he struggles toward the doctors awaiting him.

The more seriously wounded must remain on the spot, and the medical director inspects him, as taking his number he encourages him with a few words: "Now, my brave one, you will not travel further; a look, a look at your wound, my friend, and then to a comfortable hospital." The wounded soldier touches his cap, lifts his covering and shows a dressing spotted with yellow and brown; but has the strength to say to the bearers, "Carefully, gently, my friends; I suffer much!" and he looks with misgiving on the motor car, for they are moving him again. Poor fellow, he has suffered so much.

They lift him tenderly and he disappears beneath the Red Cross ambulance, there to find a nurse who whispers "My little soldier, another moment of patience and thou wilt find thyself amidst cool sheets, far from noise and confusion. Thou shalt rest in peace, and thou shalt be well."

In the midst of this "empressement," this joy of helping, the German prisoners, wounded and far from home, are not forgotten. At the door of one of the wagons a little brown chap is leaning, silent, but with shining eyes. The odors of good, refreshing coffee and hot bread are wafted to him; but he does not make a sign. But how hungry he

is! And those good comrades behind him who for so many days faced death and famine in the trenches—how they hunger! He glances behind him. Here a man lies on his back, his eyes closed. Another is gasping, with his hands clenched. Others are crouching in obscurity. How hungry they are! How the thirst burns. But one must not ask mercy of one's conquerors.

Suddenly a young doctor, with a nun at his side, appears at the window. Coffee, bread and meat are offered; it is the little brown wounded one kneeling at the window who brings to his fellows the hospitality of France.

The officers are crowded together, heads swathed in blood-stained bandages, legs and arms encircled in spotted bands, but their voices are lowered as they thank the nuns, and they squeeze themselves together to allow a freer space to the more injured companion. The newspaper brought to them tells them of the battles in which they have fought, and in the list of those fallen on the field of honor appears the name of many a cherished friend.

Oh, the brave, humble little *Piou-Piou!* The little infantrymen who so bravely and so enthusiastically have fought for their native soil; wounded in arm and leg, in head and thigh, in foot and hand; uncomplaining, patient and grateful, so tired and so injured, but as ready to return to their trenches, bearing all things, suffering, seeking a nameless grave, that their beloved France may remain free and intact. These are unknown, courageous Frenchmen, who on the present-day battlefields appeal to us to help, comfort and succor in this their day of tribulation.

At Rennes and the larger towns there are comforts and medical equipments impossible for our little Dinard and its hastily-installed hospitals; all the hotels and casinos have been "requisitiones" and we are doing our best to make things comfortable for those poor chaps; but we lack, alas, so much! There are no ambulances, and so all sorts of conveyances are called into use, from elegant limousines and small motor cars, down through the list of private carriages and cabs, to express carts.

It is a painful sight to see these latter, minus springs or even mattresses (which are all in use in hospitals), bumping the poor wounded over car-tracks and crossings to their destination.

At the grand casino one's heart is torn by the sight of such suffering supported so uncomplainingly. A large hall is hastily arranged with cane-bottomed chairs, in front of each a tin basin, hot water in cans (heated on a gas stove) is poured into these primitive receptacles, and ladies of the Croix Rouge kneel in front of these rough wounded men. It is hard work, sometimes, to separate the heavy army boots from the wounded feet. Some of these men have not had their boots off in two months; constantly marching to and fro over those fields and through the mud, ready at any moment to spring to arms to defend us and our homes. It is the least we can do, to help their pain now.

The blood has soaked through the worn-out socks, and the whole mass is impregnated with dirt, blood, etc.; but how grateful they are, these poilus, to have their

wounds dressed, their torn, dirty uniforms removed, and to find themselves in comfortable beds, a soothing drink of beef tea, with a dash of brandy held to their lips, and a soft pillow behind their weary heads. One boy said to me, as we finally got him in bed: "Madam, one goes gladly to fight for la France, but now, I must rest awhile. With such kind ladies to aid me, I know I shall soon gain strength enough to return to show those Boches." What la Jeunesse Francaise is willing to bear for France!

October, 1914.

DINARD DAY BY DAY

Funeral Oraison—In the Cemetery

DINARD DAY BY DAY

Up the village street comes the funeral. Gusts of wind, bearing fog and rain on their wings, roar up the roadway, tossing the branches against the low sky, tearing the last Autumn leaves from the trees, whirling the skirts of the women and the white garments of the priest, as the mournful little band struggles towards the church.

The bell is tolling in long, heavy notes; the funeral cars, alas! three in number, move slowly along; the "tricolor," wet and draggled, whipping above the heads of the little troopers who have lain down their lives that it may float free and unsubdued over France.

What a sad little procession it is! First, a chorister bearing a cross; then two others chanting, with the priest, the dirge for the dead.

On either side of the three hearses limp a few soldiers, their red trousers the only spot of color in the black and gray landscape.

A group of the Red Cross nurses follow, their dark cloaks and white head-dresses straining in the gale, and then the crowd of sorrowing people. Poor, humble folk they are, in sabots and heavy black peasant costumes. Old women tottering along together, bending their white-coiffed heads to the blast. Young women, white and broken-hearted. Tragedy written in changeless lines on their faces, innocent victims of this unspeakable war, bearing their last poor little offerings in their red hands,

a few rain-beaten bunches of chrysanthemums, the only tribute they can offer to their dear ones.

The bell still tolls mournfully; the bowed, black figures grow fainter in the mist. In from the Atlantic sweeps the storm, raging above the piteous mourners. Shrieking! Whistling! Howling! Where now the sunny France sung by the poets? Where the gaiety and life, so typical of the charming French?

Gray clouds, wind-swept roads, black skeleton branches, straining away from the sea. Rain in gusts. Cold, sorrow, desolation in all the land!

Since the war began, seventy-five thousand Frenchmen have fallen on the field of honor. Some on the battlefields, some in the trenches, others destroyed beyond human recognition. Nameless graves cover the northern plains. In innumerable hospitals lie the broken remnants of French manhood.

Five hundred thousand they are today, suffering untold agonies, helpless, uncomplaining.

What can Americans, in the happy safety of their homes know of the tragedy, the death, that overwhelms us here?

It is so far-reaching, so stupendous, so heart-breaking, all energy and activity become paralyzed.

Where begin? What can one do? If one helps only a few hundreds, how about the thousands one cannot reach?

England, in fine generosity, has sent supplies of all kinds: medicines, garments, hospital stores, surgical instruments; five hundred tons have crossed the channel.

Beyond praise, the pitying help of England! She has poured her wealth, her supplies, her splendid armies, into France, giving ungrudgingly and constantly. But for her timely assistance, we should be in unimaginable straits. But now England needs for her own.

With her great losses in men, fifty-seven thousand; her own wounded the end of this October; her thousands upon thousands of refugees—one cannot expect her to do for all.

How are her cousins across the Atlantic coming to our aid?

Can we count on the Americans? Will their warm hearts send out to us these *necessities* for the wounded not only NOW, but during the long weary months that stretch in such dreary perspective before us?

The melancholy little funeral is a daily occurrence; so used to it are we, one scarcely notices it. The wounded living claim all our pity and work.

Darkness closes down early these bleak November days, and the few straggling lights illumine streets deserted. At 8 o'clock all cafes close, the lamps are put out, and only the military patrol with their feeble lanterns traverse the gloom. Nothing more until the cold November dawn wakes us to another day of hard work.

Where fashionable women in luxurious motor-cars sped through the avenues, now soldiers hobbling on sticks and crutches, or wheeled in chairs, appear. Women and children swathed in crepe wander in dumb groups on the Esplanade. The shops are full of soldiers' necessities, and everywhere high and low, young and old, the seamstress,

the shop-keeper behind her counter, the young girls taking their morning walks, even little schoolgirls, grandmammas and nurses, all are knitting.

If a friend come to call (a rare pleasure nowadays, as all are too busy for social amenities), out come the needles from a bag. The tea hour is interrupted by the click of steel and the counting of stitches.

Those who cannot nurse are knitting socks, comforters, chest-protectors, cholera belts, for the nights are cold on the battlefields and the trenches are often full of water. The chilling fogs creep up from the Flemish marshes and the little soldier, the little *Piou-Piou*, has many long hours to face the cold and darkness. Happy he who has some loving women to knit for him.

Strong, vigorous young men one never sees! Only wounded fellows, old men in mourning, and priests ceaselessly on their errands of consolation and pity.

In this hour of tribulation, France has turned devoutly and repentantly to religion. The tone of the press has changed. A reverant and humble seeking after Divine help is felt in their supplications.

It is not only the women and the ancients who now pray, for over many hospital cots hang a crucifix, and hardened, indifferent men turn in their agony to the ever-present clergy.

One dying man told me with great pride that though he had been a great scoffer and unbeliever for many years, "Now that he had confessed and received absolution, he was at peace and willing to go;" so, during the

long watches of the night, the old priest, broken as he was with fatigue and sleeplessness, sat beside the poor chap comforting him through the Valley of the Shadow, and when dawn came shortly, closed his eyes, placing the crucifix between the stiffening fingers.

When the next day I placed a few flowers about the quiet form I found the rugged features softened, all coarseness had disappeared. He lay at peace with God and man.

Who was he? A peasant? A shoe-maker? A factory hand or street cleaner? Perhaps an Apache? I do not know. But he gave all he had—his young life! Surely he has gone to his reward.

Dinard, November, 1914.

DINARD ACTUALITIES

1914-1915

DINARD ACTUALITIES

1914-1915

THERE are four thousand wounded in Dinard this winter, and the need for chemises, antiseptic cotton, sacks and bandages, never diminishes. I, fortunately, have a few things left from what I brought over, and I am dealing them out, as if worth their weight in gold. Socks are much appreciated, as many are wounded in the feet, and cannot put on slippers or shoes. One poor wretched Belgian hospital has depended all the winter on what we gave them. The Matron told me *but for us they would have had nothing.* She has been up two or three times since my return begging socks, chemises and slippers, but, alas, I had none to give her! She said the men were obliged to stay in their rooms or beds as their uniforms were so dirty, torn, and shot-riddled, they had to be repaired, and, having nothing else to wear, they had to stay in hospital. I went by there the other day, a glorious sunny summer afternoon, and I saw such poor, white faces looking out so longingly, so young, and so suffering—mere boys of twenty, twenty-two and twenty-four.

I hate to say too much about the sorrowing and suffering over here—so much has been given, especially from America, where the generosity has been overwhelming. One cannot see such wistfulness and patience without finding a renewal of sympathy and a wish to help.

I was notified last week, that on Saturday, July 10th, at 4 o'clock, the Prefet of our department (the governor

of the state) will come to Val Fleuri, officially, in full uniform, surrounded by his staff, to thank us in the name of France, for what we have obtained from our friends in America, and to express through us the Government's grateful recognition of America's generosity. French people tell me it is a rare honor which the government is showing us, and is an expression of France's gratitude to America. The Prefet asked for a report (which we sent), and the government has perfect cognizance from whence came our supplies. So that you may be sure that full recognition has been made for the shipments.

Many wounded there are always, but the spirit of the French people is magnificent. No sacrifice is too great to make, no economy too severe. All France has the utmost confidence in the soldiers and their generals, and everyone feels it is time for endurance, economy and work. And all, high and low, rich and poor, are putting their hearts and courage into the affair, with an enthusiasm and devotion quite surprising to those who thought of France as a decadent nation.

Yesterday I met at tea a French duchess, last year the most frivolous and worldly person, always dressed in the height of fashion and devoted to golf, bridge, and motoring. Yesterday she was dressed in a cheap, ready-made black serge suit, with a black straw sailor hat, trimmed with a black taffeta bow, such as a poor little governess or an upper housemaid would have worn a year ago. And she said she was proud to wear the costume, bought ready-made at the "Galleries Lafayette" for 50 francs.

She has had a hospital in her chateau since the war began, where one hundred little Pious-Pious have been taken care of and nursed back to health, and, alas, to a quick return to the trenches! So she said she had no money *"pour la toilette."*

What these French women are doing is beyond praise. A sober, quiet determination has taken the place of their erstwhile frivolity. And when one sees delicately nurtured ladies doing the most ordinary menial work in the hospitals, not day by day, but month by month, rising at 7 A. M., and only returning home for meals and bed at 8.30 P. M.—women who in former times thought of nothing but extravagance, luxury and display—one realizes that there is good, red blood left in France, and the Gallic strain, having supported the trials of centuries, is still able to make a stand for justice and freedom.

The best English and French authorities say that the war will last at least a year or eighteen months. An English colonel told me recently that the British government was preparing to make heavy-calibre guns for August, 1916, and the French are settling down to another year or two of war, but after the *Lusitania* horror I should think all Americans would feel it their bounden duty to help the allies. If they are defeated, what chance has America against the German spirit of world dominion? And we want to remember that every pair of socks, every bandage, every roll of cotton is a stone in the barricade against these abominable Huns. There is no uncertainty, no discouragement, no failing in French

lines or English, which hold 580 miles from the North Sea to Switzerland.

I often go to the "Arrivèe des Blesses." Alas, they come too often to the railroad station, long stretchers filled with broken humanity. Does one ever hear complaints, groans or repinings? No, never! One said to me as I gave him a cup of beef tea, after he had been lifted from a box car where he had passed three days and three nights: "Madame, I am a homeless cripple, my eyesight is gone and I am forever dependent on my family, my poor wife and my children. But, in the future, when France is victorious and at peace, they will not begrudge their old father his sup and board, for he was decorated by the guns of Arras" (meaning, poor wretch, his sightless eyes).

The Belgian soldiers are strong, able-bodied, silent fellows, and speak eagerly of their return to their country. They do not seem to realize that such a consummation is most unlikely.

I am sending by express a few baskets made by them as they lie crippled on their hospital cots. The little money I paid for them will buy them tobacco, chocolate, post-cards and pencils. I should be glad if you will give these baskets to your friends who have so kindly sent us things. They are of no value, but they will show our appreciation of all you have done. There are also some rings made out of the aluminum which forms the point of the German shells. The men have picked them up on the battlefields and in the trenches — these bits, so full of interest and personal strife — and have made

Wounded Arriving at the Hospitals

Wounded at the Grand Casino Hospital—Mrs. Deming Jarves in Civilian Dress in Center of Group

them into rough rings, but carrying a pathetic interest of their own.

The first of the "Grands Blesses Prisonniers en Allemagne" have arrived. They came via Switzerland to Lyons, and from there have been distributed through the country and seashore places. Nineteen came to Dinard, very severely injured—blind, many one-legged, and some badly disfigured, but so rejoiced, poor chaps, to find themselves once more in France. Some have been in Germany since September. They say they were kindly treated in the hospitals, but had precious little to eat. Their looks show it, being quite emaciated. Being also accustomed to little food, their capacity for digesting has also decreased—much to their regret; but, no doubt, that misfortune will correct itself now they are back in the "land of plenty."

It appears that when the train drew up in the Lyons Gare, they saw hundreds of enthusiastic compatriots cheering and waving flags and handkerchiefs, flowers everywhere, and heard the "Clarions de France," some broke down and cried like children. They had borne the privations and sufferings consequent to imprisonment for ten long months, but when they heard those sweet, clear notes, and saw the "tricolor" once more (*Ils Avaient le Coeur Gros*) they just gave way; that is, the weaker ones did.

At the mother-house of the Little Sisters of the Poor, at St. Pern, one hundred and twenty-five are installed in that quiet convent, in the midst of the rich fields, and

the green and peaceful woods of Brittany, with those good little sisters to wait upon them and nurse them; with fine milk, butter and eggs, chickens and fresh vegetables to eat, they will soon recover and they can hardly express their feelings, poor fellows, but just sit smiling and cheery in the sun. Mere boys, many of them—thin-cheeked, fresh-colored, bright-eyed, but crippled for life. Older men, fathers of families, bronzed and calm, thankful to be in France, with the thought of soon returning to their wives and children. May they there regain their health and strength. To these brave ones, we all, Americans and French alike, owe an immense debt of gratitude, for, but for them and their like, we would be facing now a very different outlook.

What impresses one above all is their modesty, patience and patriotism. Whether they are doctors or lawyers, peasants or little artisans, they all show the same soul-stirring love for France, they count their sufferings as nothing compared to the welfare of the nation.

The life of the last ten years which we knew and loved so well, has vanished like the snows of yester-year. Where the tango was danced are now long rows of hospital cots. The music of the Hungarian band has given place to the silence of the ambulance corridors. Crippled men are sitting on the casino verandas where fashionable women in former years strolled in idleness and elegance. Horrid odors of iodoform and chloroform assail one, instead of the perfume of the flowers. The gay young girls of other days, who laughed and flirted and danced in these airy

halls, are now demure Red Cross nurses, in severe white linen gowns, the Red Cross embroidered on their white veils; a vivid testimony to their real nature and pitying compassion for the helpless.

What a few awful months of this World's War seems to us over here. You in America, who continue to live as much as usual, can really have but little conception. To you that pageant and tragedy of war is as "A Tale that is Told"—very horrible, perhaps, but of necessity it cannot affect you intimately. You can know little of the heartrending day-by-day experience and hourly ordeals demanded of those men and women of France.

Some few weeks ago I attended a class for "first aid" to the injured, whose matron was rather a formidable Frenchwoman, laden with years and honors. As I went in, a friendly Red Cross nurse murmured: "The poor Marquise had just received a telegram two hours ago announcing the death of both her sons; but, you know, her husband was killed in September, and she has given her boys to France. She does not wish it mentioned—do not refer to it." As I looked at that wrinkled but composed countenance, so stern and so calm, as I listened to her instructions, given in a quiet voice, it was quite evident that the old French proverb still holds good, "*Bon sang ne peut mentir.*" There she was, an old, stricken mother, looking drearily into the future. Her two dear sons killed on the same day on the field of honor, her home forever desolate. But she came down, nevertheless, to show us how to bandage the wounded men, to teach

us patience, endurance and control under all circumstances. At night she returns to her lonely hearth to mourn these brave boys. *But did she not need our sympathy?* To us, watching this superb example, she seemed to embody the spirit of courage, which admits of no defeat. The valiant heart rising above the wreck of happiness and home to do its duty to "La Patrie."

Only a short distance separates us from the battlefields, where the manhood of France and England are daily laying down their lives in defense of their countries. God grant that no such sacrifice may ever be demanded of America. To us who have remained in France, life has become a very solemn reality; as we go forth in sober garb and spirit to do what we can for these suffering hundreds, wounded men and boys, lonely young widows, stricken parents, we realize intensely that life in Europe has utterly changed. The old order of things has passed away. What will replace it? Who can tell?

Letter Written to Dr. Livingston Seaman,
British War Relief in New York,
July, 1915.

TO A DYING BOY

TO A DYING BOY

Poor little soldier, lying there weak and wounded,
Why were you born to live so brief a day?
Is your young manhood but to serve as target
For the grim guns of war to injure or to slay?
So young to die. On lip and cheek and forehead
Still flame youth's brilliant colors, white and red,
And your clear eyes so full of hope and courage,
Must we tomorrow count you with the dead?

All life before you; glad and useful hours
Lay shining in your path unsullied, clear,
Youth's dreams fulfilled in manhood's ampler duties,
A wife, a home, and all that we hold dear
Vanished. In one short hour's tragic action,
Swept from the world of man and manly ways.
Naught but a memory in your mother's bosom,
Shall soon recall your transient, earthly days.

In vain our aid. Our utmost skill and patience
Cannot re-string the loosened silver cord.
The golden bowl is broken at the fountain,
And your lone soul must hence to meet it's God,
Lonely, yet clad in beauty pure and holy,
For of your best you gave, unstinted, glad,
That at your country's call all selfish thought and purpose
Faded away—you gave your life, dear lad!

Dinard, 1915

THE SUBSTITUTE MOTHER

THE SUBSTITUTE MOTHER

(*A Story of France*)

In the old house, heavily garlanded with ivy and climbing roses, at the end of the village, lived the old maid. Through vistas of thick foliage, the broken sky-line of tiled roofs appeared. In the west, the church tower showed dark against the sunset skies.

Here she had lived in seclusion these many years. Her pigeons feeding on the green lawn. Her rose garden, fragrant and sunny, facing the Eastern hills. Her peulailler (poultry yard), her dogs, her cats, filled the long hours of her austere life.

In solitude she ate her well-cooked meals. By the stone fireside (in other years the center of family life and gaiety) she sat in the evenings reading her *Figaro*, with her knitting in the recesses of the Louis XVI "tricoteuse" close at hand in case the print became blurred, which so often happened of late. Meditating, her pure thoughts far from the world and its stormy passions, her judgment became, perhaps, too severe; her charity a trifle too customary and censorious. All her actions were the result of axioms and precepts laid down years ago by long-dead parents. To her the past shone with a glorious light of Humanity and Youth, full of kindly people and cheerful pleasures and gay days. The present, so solitary and sad, had crept upon her unperceived, to find her with wrinkling brow and graying hair, more and more lonely.

Every morning at early mass she looked with non-comprehension into the faces of the elderly women—her comtemporaries—mothers these many years. Long ago they loved and married, leaving "la Mademoiselle" to her patrician seclusion up at the "great house." Lusty youths and strong, fresh-faced girls clustered about these contemporaries; sweet-faced young women, holding babies against their rounded breasts; boys touched their caps in awe as she left the church; girls smiled, blushing and demure; children sucked their thumbs and bobbed courtesies; but to none was she vital or important. To them the world was full of busy pleasures and activities, of warm summer days and young joys; to her, bending over her endless tapestry-work in the silence of the old manor, the world seemed trite indeed. Her home was so orderly, so clean, so proper, so remote from life. No muddy foot-prints on the wax floors, no child's toys forgotten in the corner, no cap or jacket thrown carelessly on disturbed furniture. Her apartments were sweet with lavender and roses, but tobacco smoke was a stranger to their antique propriety.

Now, suddenly, all these quiet ways, these time-honored habits were destroyed. War broke over France and she, with countless of her countrywomen, donned the white linen gown embroidered with that cross-of-red emblem of so many sacrifices and devotions. The hastily-installed hospital became her only thought; all her energy, care, and patience must be brought to the aid of the broken men as her tribute to the defenders of France.

In the long whitewashed hall, on whose blank walls the crucifix hung alone, stood the double row of beds, where lay these valiant fellows. Young boys of eighteen and twenty, arms and legs in plaster or bound in blood-stained bandages; forced, poor chaps, to the sight of such horrors on the battlefields as to remove forever their youthful joyance of life. Older men, bearded and bronzed, talked to her of their family life; of their wives and children; of the little humdrum everyday experiences, so unknown to her, so commonplace and vital to them. Gone for her the tranquil days of yester-year, her collection of laces, her bibelets, her books, her revues—all her souvenirs of years of sedate living and tranquil seclusion.

Only the maps of the battlefields interested her now; the long, hard duties of the Red Cross nurse were more entrancing than her most delightful journeys in Italy, or her summers in Switzerland. Many things she saw, heard, and was obliged to do, she was often shocked and horrified, but courage, patience and skill were daily demanded of her. A great endurance necessary for such arduous work, and her compassion ever inspired renewed effort. Life and death were there in frightful reality before her eyes, so to the round-shouldered, gray-headed woman these great facts became the motive power of her life. She became the willing, compassionate servant of this army of cripples. What surprises she received! What human misery she witnessed! What confessions she heard! She must write a last message to a distant mother from

her dying son. There a strong man, now a cripple, implored her to tell his wife of his misfortune; again an ignorant, faithful creature begged for news of his family. Since the war began, nearly two years ago, no word of them had reached him. To all these little duties she added the care of their injured bodies, the dressing of wounds, the feeding of the helpless.

To her, who so short a time ago lived in lonely luxury, to whom the world and life were as a closed book; to her, who last year was satisfied with her dogs and chickens, her cats and pigeons, who looked with a half-scornful, half-indignant commiseration on the vibrant life around her, had come a great illumination! From these big children, the rough "poilus," soldiers she nursed so tenderly, she learned instinctively! They opened their hearts to her, they showed her their anguish and suffering! They called her "La Petite Mère," turning to her in all hours for consolation and help. So when the "Demoiselle" went home after 12 hours' work for these wounded ones, her heart was filled with a great rejoicing; a warmth and satisfaction such as she had never known stole through her weary body; aching feet were forgotten, and to God she sent up a prayer of thankfulness that she had been allowed "to serve."

It was a lovely June evening. The night breeze, fragrant with new-mown hay and the perfume of sleeping field-flowers, stole through the open window, fluttering the "Veilleuse" as it cast its feeble light and shadow over the still form lying in the white sheet, so soon to become

its shroud. The old "Demoiselle" sat there in pious thought, her eyes fixed on the boy she had nursed so many months, now so near to death; the boy whose soul had been washed clean by the Holy Sacrament and whose body was so soon to disappear from the world of men. Poor fellow, so far from all who loved him, his white features showed pinched and thin in the light of the crescent moon, looking over the black masses of trees into the desolate white room. From time to time his stiffening lips murmered "mother." He turned his head feebly from side to side seeking her, who, in a far-away province, knew nothing of her son's agony. The hours dragged on, the young moon disappeared behind the trees, the moribund moaned gently from time to time. A cooler breeze, fore-runner of morning freshness, swept through the wood. The "Demoiselle" still kept her vigil, changing her patient's pillow, holding a cup of water to his lips. Suddenly he gave an agonizing cry: "My mother! My mother! Where art thou? I cannot see! It is growing dark! Hold me, my mother, hold me!"

Then to the old maid came her great moment. Taking the poor, trembling form in her arms, she pillowed the rolling head on her bosom and pressing her lips to the dying boy's forehead she whispered: "I am here, my son! Do not fear. I, your mother, hold you. You are safe in my arms, my little one. Rest in peace."

The sun rose in glorious June splendor; the birds were singing their morning matins; the dewy flowers cast forth a ravishing fragrance—only in the sickroom was

there silence, but also a holy peace, for the old maid—she who had never lied, who had scorned and reproved those who did so—had lied eagerly to comfort the passing spirit of a boy.

Dinard, June, 1915.

THE SONS OF FRANCE

DEBOUT DANS LA TRANCHÉE
QUE L'AURORE ÉCLAIRE, LE SOLDAT
RÊVE À LA VICTOIRE ET À SON FOYER.

POUR QU'IL PUISSE ASSURER L'UNE
ET RETROUVER L'AUTRE,

SOUSCRIVEZ
AU 3e EMPRUNT DE LA DÉFENSE NATIONALE

BERGER LEVRAULT IMP PARIS-NANCY

THE SONS OF FRANCE

1915

To YOU, in God's country, safe and sound, far removed from the conditions existing over here, a few notes of our daily existence may not come amiss.

First, let me quote the lines found on a dead boy in Champagne, his "*Feuille de route*" (diary), which shows eloquently how the little "piou-piou" feels these sorrowful days of 1914.

FEUILLE DE ROUTE

Diary of Albert Ledrean, volunteer for France in the war of 1914. Aged 18 years. In the 10th Regiment of Infantry. Fell on the field of honor, October 17th, 1914, in Champagne. (This diary was found on his body and sent home to his mother.):

"AUXONNE, COTES D' OR, SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1914—At last this long-wished-for moment has arrived. The great clock on the facade in our barracks marks 12:45, it is the hour for our departure; the clear notes of the bugles announce our colonel's approach; he appears, his fine horse curvetting and prancing, and our battalion stands rigidly at attention as he passes us on review. He draws his sword and gives orders to advance. The regimental music shrills loudly, our troopers with quick steps and alert bearing, start for the battlefields, which we have so long desired to see.

"We have decorated our rifles with huge bunches of flowers. On our route the people have strewn autumn leaves. More than one woman weeps as we go by, for our passing recalls so vividly to them, those poor women, their husbands, or brothers, or sons, who are fighting

out yonder in the defense of the sacred soil of France. At the railway station a large crowd awaits, hands are shaken, adieux are made to those comrades who remain. We climb into the waiting train. Our colonel calls us to the windows and stirs our souls with a speech of patriotic feeling. He gives the accolade to our commander, and through him, to us all. The train starts, as the strains of the Marseillaise float in the air. From all our throats burst the cry, "Vive la France!" The regiment, massed near the station, salutes us, the bayonets glisten in the pale autumn sun and the drums and bugles sound gaily. We lean far out of the windows waving our *kepis* joyously to the crowd. The train moves faster and faster to our unknown destination. Who knows where? But what does it matter? It is for our country.

"Wednesday, September 28th—We were marched today to Dugny, by Verdun. Our adjutant ordered us to descend from our train at 8 a.m., and with enthusiasm we stepped through the clear morning air towards our destination. In traversing the village we met large Parisian autobuses heavily ladened with meat for the *ravitallement* of our troops; it was droll indeed to see the great vehicles with signs "Trocadero, Odeon, Porte Maillot, Louvre, Versailles, etc., in big letters here in the silence of the Champagne plains, so far from the crowded Paris streets, where before the war, they carried their human freight.

"We find the bridges destroyed everywhere, so to cross the streams we have much ado, the little makeshifts being very shaky and uncertain. We see many things of interest in our march. A captive balloon balancing in the blue air above a hill at the entrance of the village of Rangiere. We perceive the piteous results of the *marmites* of William, the Kaiser, vast holes of great circumference everywhere. Even as we arrived we heard the noise of two huge *marmites* which burst 500 metres from us. We saw a great

black smoke, and dirt and earth springing into the air. Then our great cannons answered, our 75s joined the party, five minutes of cannonade and we no longer heard the shells of William.

"We were then allowed a short rest after our fifteen-mile walk, before descending to the village, where we are now resting in a barn with some *Chasseurs d'Afrique.* They are good comrades, these Chasseurs, we make friends at once, and have much to say, each recounting his thoughts and ideas of this war.

"THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29TH—At 7 A. M., we left Rangiere to find our regiment. We met a Taube flying above our heads. Our batteries fired on it, we deploying to offer less of a target. Later it flew towards the German lines, and my company reached a little wood where we spent the night. The shells whistled over our heads all the time; it is not gay, that noise.

"FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30TH—Our Battalion has 24 hours' rest. The shells and shrapnels from Germany shriek all day and all night. I asked if these were the big ones. A man laughed and said "No, mon ami, ce sont les enfants." (No, my friend, these are the baby ones.) It never stops, this cannonade and shooting.

"WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4TH—We are since four days in the front line, in the trenches, like foxes in their holes. The French and German shells never stop howling over our heads. On all sides, noise! noise! noise!

"FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6TH—We are of the reserve; we leave our trenches to rest back yonder. On the way I saw the graves of two French soldiers, two crosses of wood at their heads. Ah, how obscure, but how noble, these graves of two sons of France, fallen on the field of honor.

"MONDAY, OCTOBER 9TH—We are back in the trenches. A funny thing has happened. Our sergeant hung his flannel shirt on the parapet of the trench to dry. A Ger-

man shell burst at 50 metres. He ran in terror to save his shirt. 'Ah!' he cried, 'that would be too much, the dirty Germans, after they have destroyed the Cathedral of Reims, they want to burn my only flannel shirt.'

"Tuesday, October 10th—Went to the trench at 6 o'clock. At 7 o'clock our batteries commenced their fire. Our '75' swept the earth for 80 metres in front of us, the enemies' cannonading ceased. Our '75' redoubled in speed; we could hear the *boches* howling with pain. Then the German *marmites* recommenced. We assisted at an artillery duel which lasted till noon. The rest of the day and night was quiet.

"Wednesday, October 11th—We left this morning at 6 a. m., for an unknown destination. At the entrance of the wood we ate our 'Soupe' and then started on our route. Adieu! woods of the Woevre, we have not been too unhappy in thy valleys and on thy hillsides, although for a month I have not undressed. In the trenches we had little straw and no warmth, rain and cold were our constant companions, but we shall still regret thee, for we may find much worse further on."

So he did . . . He found his death.

Extracts from a letter written to his family by a sub-lieutenant from the battlefield of Champagne, October 23rd, 1915:

"At 9 o'clock we were all assembled on the first line. Orders passed from mouth to mouth. Bayonets are fixed to our rifles, each looking to his equipment, paying attention to the last detail. Nothing must be lacking on this momentous day, longingly awaited since many months. We all shake hands, some even embrace, wishing each other good luck; some with eyes brilliant with impatience,

await the longed-for signal; others, calmer perhaps, although equally eager, polish their muskets with their handkerchiefs. It is raining heavily and mud is everywhere, but all our spirits are high. 9:15—The hour has come! The artillery increases the range of its shells. The first wave of men hurl themselves out of the trenches. What a magnificent moment. A rain of shells falls round, blowing to atoms some of the first line of soldiers. All along our immense front the infantry springs from the trenches, the bands playing shrilly the 'Marseillaise.' The bugle and the drums sound the charge. A roar of voices answer. With fixed bayonets we rush towards the German trenches, while their mitrailleuses mow us down. Our way is strewn already with corpses and wounded. Blood lies in pools or soaks in streams into the broken soil. From time to time the survivors fling themselves on the ground to escape the gale of shells. Notwithstanding this hell-fire, or the sharpshooters, we press through the woods. The cannons! The cannons! We must save them!

"All of us understand that this is a great day of battle for us French. We must win. Without hesitation, we must sacrifice our life and blood. We must fight to our last breath."

Here are quoted some reports made by the commanders of regiments and brigades. Words coming often from humble mouths, but inspired by the highest patriotism:

A Colonial infantryman wounded in the foot in the beginning of the action limped to a "Poste de Secours" and said, "Here, quick, put on a strong bandage, I have only killed one so far. I am wild to get back." He was last seen climbing frantically up the slopes of "la Main de Massiges."

A captain, his face streaming with blood from a ghastly wound, refused to retire. "Today one pays no attention to little wounds, it is only death that will stop me now!"

A boyish lieutenant, as the first wave of men swept forward, shouted to his command: "Allons, Forward! Heads up, eyes straight. Fight! Fight!! Fight!!! Today we are going to enjoy ourselves. We are going to protect the sacred soil of France." He fell five minutes later.

A colonel of Colonial infantry, nick-named the bravest of the "Poilus," although severely wounded in the head, pushed forward to climb the "Entonnoir" of the crater. As he fell he shouted: "Onward! Onward, my brave lads. I would lead but I have lost too much blood. You are heroes all. En avant mes enfants!" ("Forward, my children, for France!")

Let me note a few words of personal experience: It was a gray cold day in early November. The little ferry-boat which runs between St. Malo and Dinard tossed heavily in the yellow-green waves rolling in from the channel. The decks were awash with spume and water, the sharp north wind whistled around our ears. I huddled down in the corner behind the pilothouse. Nothing but necessity would have driven me forth on such a day, but when one hears of 130 wounded arriving the day before in a remote convent hospital, one puts personal comfort aside and goes forth. The wind was piercing and brutal, even my fur coat was a poor protection against this bitter assailant from the north. Miserable and shivering I crouched behind the weak shelter, sincerely wishing I had never come.

Suddenly a cheerful voice wished me "Bon Jour."

A Zouave, baggy trousers, fez, clear bronze complexion, aquiline features, flashing eye, stood before me.

"Madame will permit that I seat myself on her bench?" he said.

"But certainly," I replied, looking with interest at this injured youth from afar. "Whence came you, mon petit?" ("my little one") I said, "you do not look any too strong to stand this winter gale."

"Quite true, Madame," he replied, "but we Zouaves are accustomed to the cold and storm."

"But surely you came from a warm country, mon soldat? The Zouaves are from Africa are they not?"

"True, I am from Tunis," he replied.

"On such a day you must long for your country?" I asked.

"Helas, oui. The orange trees are forever in bloom there, the heliotrope and hibiscus blossom all winter. The rose-scent hangs heavy on the air, there in my home! Even now I think of the deep blue sky, the long dusty road leading out into the desert; again I see the palms, the cacti; that is, if I close my eyes. Sometimes when it is dark and cold, and one is sad in the trenches, I cannot help wondering if ever again I shall sit beneath the awnings of the Cafe de France, or shall see the dusky women, in linen, walking to the fountain, or shall smell the dry heavy dust, or shall sit tranquilly in the blazing sun of 'La Tunisie.' Ah, oui, Madame, all that is many miles away from this cold, gray land of yours.

"But at the front that was another story. See, I have been wounded twice, and am here convalescing. All I dream of is to go back to the trenches. Ours is at Neuport. Only 1 metre (13 feet) separates us from the *'boches,'* they call to us often from their side (they speak good French, too) ordering us to surrender for they are bound to win, and we are only losing time. We answer, too. We give them something to think about."

"But what were you before the war, soldier?" I asked.

"An antiquaire, Madame. I sold Persian carpets, brass lamps, leather goods to the tourists who came to my beautiful Tunisie."

"What will you do afterwards, my soldier?"

"That is as God wills, madame. Who knows? Can I even know where I shall be a week hence? All I want now is to get back to my regiment. To the front." With a military salute he left me.

At the hospital they were very busy. About 180 had just arrived from the great battle in Champagne; almost all wounded in the legs, many with only one to limp on.

"How comes it," I asked, "that you are all injured in the legs?"

"That is simple," answered a cheery looking fellow, "the *boches* just turned the mitrailleuses on us, like a man playing a hose on the lawn, but low down you see, so it caught us in the knees mostly. However, we have hands and arms still—a man can do a lot with them, even if he must have false legs or use crutches."

One pale, emaciated fellow said: "Madame, would

you help me to the window to look at the sea. I have never seen it, and since, in July, I was wounded with 34 eclats d'obus (34 shell wounds) they have promised me, I should come to that great wonder, the sea!"

As I put my arm under his skeleton one, felt how thin and bony it was, looked at his poor pale young face and tried to realize what life in the future held for this battered young creature, my soul felt sick within me at all this useless waste and destruction. He did not complain, this little soldier. He only wanted to look on the cold northern ocean, which he had never before seen. The future was for him perhaps as gray, as cheerless, as sad, but, however despairing his thoughts may have been, he did not speak them. He did not whimper. Once for all he had given his all for France, and now in his feebleness he counted on kind souls to help him. Hundreds, nay thousands like him exist today, all over this sad old continent of Europe, vigorous young men now condemned forever to the dull and painful existence of a cripple. One hears on all sides of the courage and self-sacrifice of both the French and English Roman Catholic priests, how they cheer and encourage the men, bringing peace to the dying, nursing the wounded, holding services within the firing line, showing by example the highest patriotism.

An officer belonging to Nantes, in a letter to his wife on September 20th, describes a moving ceremony he had attended that morning:

"At 8 o'clock I heard a Mass said by the chaplain of the —th Territorials, a plank had been nailed up between

two trees, and behind had been placed some leafy branches the best that our men could do under the circumstances. The chaplain began by addressing us a few words in which he told us that God would make allowance whilst work was being done for France; that he could not hear all our confessions, and that we should, therefore, make an act of contrition and a firm purpose of confessing our faults as soon as possible.

"All the 300 of us then signed that we wished to be included in the general absolution, which he gave us. After he exhorted all to receive the Holy Communion, which he would give us as he passed along the trenches. He then began the Mass, which was served by a lieutenant. Shells were bursting over-head as the Mass continued and during his short address after the Gospel. Never had I heard more fervent singing. At the Communion half of our number went up to the altar to receive, some with tears in their eyes, what was to many their *Viaticum*. The ceremony will be to me an unforgetable memory and a sweet consolation."

Let me quote a notice from the *Tablet* of October 30th, about an English priest. The following account of the devotion to duty shown during the fighting 'round Hill 70, by Father John Gwynn, S. J., who died of wounds received in a dug-out, is given in a letter from an Irish Guardsman:

"Father Gwynn was known among the boys as 'the brave little priest.' Early in the war he was seriously wounded but refused to return to England. During the terrible fighting recently, Father Gwynn was again at his post. I saw him just before he died. Shrapnel and bullets were being showered upon us in all directions. Hundreds of our lads dropped. Father Gwynn was undis-

mayed, he seemed to be all over the place trying to give the last sacrament to the dying. Once I thought he was buried alive, for a shell exploded within a few yards of where he was, and the next moment I saw nothing but a great heap of earth. The plight of the wounded concealed beneath was harrowing. Out of the ground came cries, 'Father! Father! Father!' from those who were in their death agonies.

"Then, as if by a miracle, Father Gwynn was seen to fight his way through the earth. He must have been severely wounded, but he went on blessing the wounded and hearing their confessions. The last I saw of him he was kneeling by the side of a German soldier. It was a scene to make you cry. The shells continued to explode about the wounded, but they could not stop a little English priest from doing his duty, even to a dying German."

One more item to add to these vignettes of our soldiers. I have told you of the volunteer, the lieutenant, the zouave and the priests. Now of a soldier (by profession) of the Colonial infantry. He had served nine years, having received two medals for the Moroccan campaign.

Last October, the 30th, a very dangerous reconnaissance was necessary before a certain action in the Argonne. The colonel called for volunteers, Petit immediately volunteered. He was given ten men, warned of the desperate nature of his work, and wished God-speed. The Germans were supposed to be intrenched behind a small wood over the crest of a hill There was a long slope to climb, a road to cross, another abrupt ascent to the wood.

It was brilliant moonlight. The men crept forward, seeking every shadow or bush or hollow to cover them.

They had climbed the first slope, crossed the road and were well up the second hill when they were suddenly swept by German rifle fire.

Petit glanced behind. All but two were lying bleeding and dead. He called to the other two to race back to their trenches, if possible, but he himself continued to creep through the straggling undergrowth up the crest. After some minutes, having discovered what he came to seek, the position and force of the enemy, he hastily retreated down the hill. Of the two survivors, one had already cleared the road and escaped. The other was lying, a moaning heap, on the white moonlit highway.

The Germans were firing at his flying figure, but a few steps more and he would have crossed the road—when he fell. Presently he picked himself up. One eye was gone, the blood streaming down his cheeks. But he determined, as he said, to revenge his comrades and himself. Staggering to the road he, with great difficulty, dragged his wounded companion off the road and to the shelter of some bushes. Fortunately, at that moment, a cloud passed over the moon, and they were able to lie hidden for a while. Then, with many struggles, he succeeded in getting his one remaining companion on his shoulders, and dragged himself back to the French lines. His information was of importance, but he did not know of it, for he lost consciousness immediately on delivering it.

The next day his company went into action and was annihilated. Of the 200 men, he and the man whose life he saved were the only survivors.

Months afterward I was able to welcome this gallant son of France back to Dinard. He is my maid's only brother, and the night he arrived we had a fitting supper awaiting him. My brother and I, and my cheery little French maid drank his health and listened to this story from his own lips. I am happy to say he is strong and well and active, and makes light of the wound.

"After all, Madame," he said, "a man can see all he wants with one eye, and if later I find some pretty girl to marry me, she may find that one eye will see only good in her, whereas, perhaps, as the years went by, I might have perceived, with two eyes, some faults."

One fine day this autumn I was invited to a little ceremony. The general commanding this region, surrounded by the pickets, the soldiers able to hobble about, the Red Cross nurses, and some of Petit's personal friends. It was to decorate him for conspicuous bravery under fire. The bugle shrilled loudly, an adjutant read the official announcement, the general stepped up and pinned on Petit's breast the *Medaille Militaire* and the *Croix de Guerre*. Thus France recognizes and rewards her valiant soldiers.

October, 1915.

HAIL TO THE DEAD!

HAIL TO THE DEAD!

(Salut Aux Morts!)

How many sad hearts are in France this night of the *Jour des Morts* (All Soul's Day), in this third dolorous year of the Great War? All over the country, from earliest hours, thousands upon thousands of black-clad mourners have placed their homage of respect and love on the tombs of those who have died in the past twelve months. Churches held constant services, chants and prayers rose in unbroken succession; bells tolled, people flocked to the cemeteries; everywhere the "soul of the French" has been in communion with its dead and this great national and religious festival has been observed as never before.

In Paris and its suburbs nearly a million accomplished this sacred duty. Every town and village was filled with sorrowing throngs. Seeing all this desolation and sadness, one wonders how they can so steadfastly look forward to another year of war.

When one remembers how many beautiful lives have been sacrificed in the last twelve months, how much of talent, art, intellect and science has been ruthlessly destroyed when these promising men died, does it seem strange that the whole nation has gone forth to honor their dead? How many young fellows, just leaving the Lycèe thoroughly prepared by years of hard study to accomplish great things in their chosen profession, have been wounded, or killed, or maimed? What humanity

has lost will never be known, but that the loss is stupendous is acknowledged by everyone.

Each man and woman has someone to grieve for tonight. Countless young widows are facing the future, deprived forever of the companionship of their helpmates, some so young as to have had only a few months happiness. To how many childish eyes is shown (in tears and sorrow) the photograph of *le pere mort pour la patrie* (the father who died for his country). Poor little ones, they will never know his loving care, his solicitude for their welfare, his devoted protection. To them he will always be a wonderful heroic being, remote and impersonal, who cannot share their little pleasures and troubles, can never play with them or be their friend!

The poor old fathers and mothers, how bent and tragic they are! All they cherished on earth has gone! Slowly and painfully they move amongst the be-flowered graves, and life holds no further happiness for them. Let me describe the procession as it passed on the way to the burying ground. First came the school children in two long files on either side of the boulevard, leaving the center free, the little boys walking two by two, clutching their sprays of chrysanthemums, gay and laughing as if on a frolic, but sobering suddenly when the teacher's eye veered in their direction; following them a hundred little girls, much more demure, stepping daintily, well clad, even the poorest putting on their best for this great national fete.

The Mayor is escorted on either side by the French and

Procession on the Way to the Cemetery

French Cemeteries Decorated on the "Jour des Morts"

Belgian "Commandants de Place," one in Belgian khaki and the other in horizon-blue, (the latter limping badly, a hero from Verdun where he won the *Croix de Guerre* and the *Medalle Militaire*), the doctors in uniform and the Red Cross nurses whose white dresses, blue caps and veils add a note of color, and present a cheering appearance in contrast to the convalescing Belgians who follow, very sombre, in their black uniforms and black caps.

Two hundred-odd Frenchmen, striding after them, are very different in appearance and behavior. The Belgians are gloomy and taciturn, moving along in silent ranks; the Frenchmen, on the contrary, are full of life and nerve (their wounds notwithstanding), attired in delicious shades of blues and reds and creamy-white—the light blue of the Hussars, the darker shades of the Chasseurs Alpins, the brilliant Zouaves, the red trousers of the Fantassians; even the black-faced scarlet-clad Senegalais give a lively note, for these men are convalescing, and old clothes are good enough, their new horizon-blue uniforms being kept for their return to the front.

A very pleasant crowd they form, with an eye towards the pretty Bretonne in her peasant coiffe and costume, with a laugh for a comrade, and a merry word for the bystander. Behind these plucky fellows (perhaps on the battlefield tomorrow) come the townspeople and peasants from the neighboring country. The procession moves on to the cemetery, where prayers and speeches, patriotic and religious, are made, wreaths placed on the little wooden crosses. White-coiffed heads are bowed in silent

communion, and over all tolls the solemn notes of the church bell.

All over France today there has been a great coming and going. Flowers are placed lovingly and regretfully on the mounds. But to how many, even this last service is denied, for the northern battlefields hide many unknown graves. Only in spirit can these afflicted ones visit the last resting-place of father, husband, son, or fiancé. But who shall say that the great army of heroic souls, so lately passed over, are not present, consoling and comforting by their spiritual presence, their grieving people? The French have often been considered a frivolous race, but no one who has seen the solemn way in which they fulfil this pious duty can ever believe it again.

"One could kneel before our soldiers," said one of our great chiefs in one of the most tragic moments in the long agonizing siege before Verdun. In face of the most violent attacks, under the infernal bombardment, such acts of heroism and self-sacrifice and devotion took place, that one realized how deep is their sense of duty, and how great their determination, expressed in their own battle-cry, "They shall not get through." (*Ils ne passerons pas!*)

This same martial spirit is found all along the line. What can be more novel and inspiring than the aviators who fight their fantastic duels 3000 metres above the earth? Again, the sangfroid, the supreme devotion of the artillery, who amidst apalling losses and the heaviest bombardment, stick to their posts, regulating their fire and working their guns, taking every risk without a

moment's hesitation. The infantry, that backbone of the army with their "èlan" carry forward the banner of France or die heroically in no-man's land.

In every attack, glorious acts are done, often by the humblest of soldiers, whose abnegation and modesty is only equalled by their scorn of death! One is amazed at this wonderful state of mind. Men of all ages and all conditions excel in these heroic qualities. Fathers of families, who know how anxiously they are awaited in the home; young men, with the call of life ringing in their ears, go gaily into the combat—they have counted the cost—and lay down their lives with simplicity and dignity; with no other thought than their duty to their country; with no other ambition than "to be there when we get them (*d'etre la quand on les aura*)."

Pessimists and pacifists will say, "Oh, yes, that is very noble, very sublime; but when the heat of the battle is past, when excitement and furor has disappeared, what is left to the poor fellows, suffering from wounds, fever and pain? They must be greatly disillusioned then, these gay soldiers." Yet he who speaks thus, let him go to any ward in any of the great hospitals in Paris or elsewhere and there receive his answer. Here is a soldier of the class of 1914. When he left for the war, his family was in easy circumstances. His father a well-to-do merchant, his mother and sisters lived comfortably and happily in their charming home. Since then the father has died, poverty came, his sisters now are working for their living, supporting the mother, and he, young, vigorous,

intelligent, and well-educated, who in ordinary times would have replaced the father, has received a terrific wound in the head, and is blind for life.

Does he whimper or complain? Hear his answer: "I ought to have been killed" he said pleasantly, "when they drew the bullet from my head. I might have remained an idiot or an epileptic, but, thank God, I am getting better and better, and I shall learn a trade. I am told there are good ones for the blind and I shall help support my dear ones."

Here again is a lad, a young soldier of the last class of 1916 sent to the front. He is almost a child, but he has the patience and courage of a man. A terrible wound in the spine, cutting it open to the marrow, did not cause him to despair. To his weeping parents he said: "Don't weep, dearest mother, I shall recover, I shall get well, I shall go home with you, to be your little boy again," and in panting voice he went on to praise the skill of the doctors, the tenderness of the infirmière, saying, "Yes, she hurts me terribly at times, so I must cry out, but she is so good, so kind, I forgive her when the dressing is over."

Further on, a man with a shattered shoulder suffers atrociously, but tells me with a cheerful grin that he is glad to have seen it, to have found himself surrounded by Germans with raised arms shouting "Kamerad!" One of the lady visitors offering to be his amanuensis (as he cannot write), he accepted with joy, and then, blushing, said: "But you see, Madame, it is a bit difficult, I am accustomed to calling my wife by a pet name; if I began

my letter otherwise she would not believe it was from me."

"Yes, and how do you wish it to begin?" asked the lady.

"Well, Madame, I always called her 'my little Rat'."

"All right, here goes for 'my little Rat'."

One more instance: A pale, emaciated man of middle age, with both hands amputated, suffering a martyrdom without a murmur, without a reference to what happened to him on the battlefield, accepts with gentle politeness the cakes and chocolates offered to him. Seeing a large letter on his bed, I asked if he had news from home. "No, madame, it is from the government announcing that I am decorated with the *Medaille Militaire* and the *Croix de Guerre*. Please read it to me." "N——, cannon-servant, was admirable for devotion and sang froid; when a shell wrecked his cannon and killed all his companions, severely wounded himself in both hands, he remained at his post alone, notwithstanding his atrocious pain, to guard the remains of his companions and his cannon."

To people upheld by such ideals, inspired with such patriotism, to whom France means all that is sacred and beautiful, "defeat cannot come." Until the detested enemy has been thrown across the Rhine, no suggestion of peace would be welcome; they will even call on the dead to defend their beloved land, as witnessed in the following story, vouched for by General Zurlinden, from whom I have also obtained some of the above facts:

It would interest all men to know how the now famous cry, "Stand Up, You Dead!" was first shouted forth. On

April 8th, 1915, Adjutant Pericard, acting lieutenant of the 95th Regiment of Infantry, found himself in a perilous position. A trench having been taken the day before by the 1st and 3rd Batallions was the object of a violent counter-attack, the occupants were withdrawing, and the trench on the point of being taken by the enemy. Lieutenant Pericard was in reserve, but seeing how badly things were going called for volunteers, and with his little band rushed to arrest the enemy. He succeeded in retaking the trench, but feeling himself abandoned, he looked back and saw only dead and wounded, not another man on his feet. It was then he shouted his famous war-cry: "Stand Up, You Dead!"

Dinard, November 1st, 1916.

A RED CROSS HOSPITAL IN BRITTANY

A RED CROSS HOSPITAL IN BRITTANY

I

Within the walls of this cool, tranquil place
Lie wounded men from Northern battlefields;
With shattered limb, with wan and pain-streaked face,
Safely they rest; they whom the Red Cross shields!
The roar of gun, the shriek of bomb and shell,
The shrapnel hissing through the awful din,
Are silenced here. A nearby chapel bell
Strikes the calm hours. Quietly within
The restful rooms the men lift up their eyes,
To that small crimson cross afloat in peaceful skies.

II

From rain-filled trench, from bare and blood-soaked ground,
Where in low piles the dead and dying lie—
(The mitrailleuse has swept each ridge and mound
Where Frenchmen rushed to conquer or to die)
They bring them to us—broken, crippled boys,
White as the linen bands around the head.
And some may live. To some life's hopes and joys
Are growing dim—Unto the glorious dead
Their souls depart. Ah! God will speed them well.
These gallant men who for their country fell.

III

From the White Alps up to the gray North Sea,
Along the Somme and Meuse the Army holds;
Calm in the certitude of Victory—
They see her shining on their banner's folds.
These injured boys have helped to do this deed.
Their strength and youth were gladly offered here,
That their dear land might once again be freed
From the black curse of war, and grief, and fear.
When Peace returns, let their great sacrifice
Remain forever holy in our eyes.

August, 1916.

THE CASTLE OF COMBOURG

Chateau of the Comte and Comtesse de Durfort, at Combourg

THE CASTLE OF COMBOURG

The September morning was crystal-clear. The old fortifications at St. Malo, violet in shadow, lay wrapped in sunlight as from the crest of the hill we turned for a farewell glimpse of Dinard and the sea, before turning eastward on our long proposed trip to some Brittany hospitals.

Our motor was packed in every corner with hospital supplies—tins of ether, rolls of absorbent cotton, hundreds of compresses and bandages, surgical supplies and instruments, cigars, cigarettes, chocolate, hospital-shirts and slippers, sponges, socks—all we could think of, capable of mending the broken bodies or healing the spirits of those brave poilus we were to visit in various hospitals during the next few days.

The motor looked top-heavy, with great hampers strapped on its roof, as we (my husband, the singer and I) squeezed ourselves in between the bulky supplies, but in these days of almost priceless tires and rare gasoline one must manage with little personal pretentions to comfort. The first place of call was the Chateau of Combourg. As we bowled along roads now much in need of repair after three years of forced neglect, we recalled something of its history.

The vast pile, buried in its own forests, was built, before the Norman Conquest, of immense blocks of granite hewn from nearby quarries; its five great towers, with

deep slate roofs, ornamented with forged iron "grilles" and weathervanes, its massive keep, its crenelated walls and outlying bastions, have apparently withstood the vicissitudes of centuries. Wars, revolution, fire, siege, storms, have left it unharmed. As we approached, the castle loomed up above the surrounding groves, looking much as it must have appeared to the Crusaders as they left its doors for the Holy Land.

We rolled through a sordid village lying at its base, and soon stopped before an iron gate in a high stone wall for the concierge to open, and then a lovely scene met our eyes.

Great avenues of oaks and chestnuts stretched in all directions, interspersed with long stretches of greensward and clumps of bushes. It required slight imagination to see Robin Hood and his men, or catch a glimpse of them fleeting through the sun-wrapped distance—or hear their horns sounding in the forest.

The young chatelaine was awaiting us at the head of a great flight of stone steps, "l'escalier d'honneur," large and broad enough for a regiment to ascend. The drawbridge and moat, formerly occupying this side, were removed by order of Cardinal Richelieu, who, fearing the belligerent spirit of the Brittany nobles, and determined to destroy their feudal privileges for all time, conceived the idea of turning their castle-fortresses into harmless country-houses, and they, themselves, into extravagant courtiers.

For two and one-half years these walls have sheltered

Interior of Castle—The Chatelaine and a Few of the Wounded

Group in Front of Castle

wounded from the battlefields of Picardie and Lorraine, nursed back to health by the Comtesse who, as "infirmiere Majeure," does all the dressing of wounds herself—*50 beds in all.* She has three assistant nurses and a doctor, but all the expense of this private hospital is borne by the Comte and Comtesse de Durfort. No small item, when everything has doubled in price, and hospital supplies, as well as food, are necessarily difficult to obtain. The question of lighting and heating alone is a hard one. No coal to be found anywhere, so trees are sacrificed in the Park. Candles and kerosene lamps being the only way of lighting, these immense halls must be gloomy and depressing enough in the long dark afternoons of winter, with the wind howling around the towers and the rain lashing the casements.

The great dining-room and salons (in feudal times the "Salle des Gardes") have been turned into dormitories, white cots stand in rows beneath the painted beams of the ceilings; frescoed knights, bishops and ladies gaze down from the lofty walls on the broken soldiers of today; hooded chimneys of stone, heavily carved with armorial bearings, still burn, in their black depths, logs from the neighboring forest. Through cross-barred windows, cut in eighteen feet of masonry, one catches glimpses of white and blue skies, of seas of verdant leaves, of sunlight glinting on yellow lichen roofs far below. A pale blue smoke drifts upward, the voices of children, the clang of forge, the lowing of cattle in the market place, sound faintly through the autumn air, and gazing downwards from this

elevation, one realizes vaguely how great was the distance, socially and morally, separating in the middle ages the serf from his overlord!

After a most excellent luncheon of chicken "en casserole," venison, fresh vegetables and salads, a pastry and some fine Burgandy (all furnished by the estate, except the wine), the host and hostess, the singer, my husband and I, climbed around the upper turrets, gazed down through the "Machiacoli" whence boiling oil was hurled on the besieger in the Dark Ages, scrambled through low stone arches, up corkscrew-stairs to the bedroom of the famous Comte de Chateaubriand, great-uncle of the present owner, and from whom she inherited the property. Here he spent his lonely childhood, full of dreams and fears; in one of his books, complaining of the bats circling and flapping outside his window, in the moonlight, around this white-washed room high up in this silent tower! What a dreary abode for an imaginative boy!

Down the turning staircase, where an ancestral ghost with a wooden leg and accompanied by a spectral cat "walks" before any disaster comes to the family, we came to the Poet's Library, a circular room, lined from floor to ceiling with books, as well as many unbound manuscripts. A ladder on runners can be pushed around to reach the higher rows. Here are many family relics; a comfortable oak armchair and table before the open fireplace, where Chateaubriand wrote many of his world-renowned books.

On returning to one of the salons, we found some thirty-five wounded awaiting the little concert we had arranged for them. Some village notables, the mayor, the cure, the postmaster and a few elderly neighbors, were amongst them.

The singer, Miss Marion Gregory, of New York, confided to me afterwards that she was so overcome, facing those poor wounded fellows, especially the blind with their sightless eyes turned towards her, that her voice seemed to die in her throat; but the singer was new to all the pain and sorrow, having only just come from "God's Country." She said she had faced many large audiences in America, but never with so many qualms. The soldiers, however, ignoring this, sat in blissful attention, enjoying every note of her lovely voice, and heartily applauding. The postmaster then recited some stirring French poetry, then, rising, we all sang the "Marseillaise." One poor blind boy, with tears streaming down, said to me: "Oh, Madame, I am so sad, I have no longer eyes to see to fight to avenge the wrongs of my beloved France."

A "gouter" served in the dining-hall made us all very cheerful. Speeches were made, hands shaken, toasts drunk, in that excellent wine of Champagne to "la Victoire," and to the intimacy of France and the United States.

The Comte and his beautiful wife, surrounded by their "blessès," bade us farewell at the foot of the "escalier d'honneur;" the castle behind them looming gray and forbidding against the evening sky. The sun, gilding the

crests of the chestnuts and oaks and glinting on the tricolor, the Red Cross flag and the family banner hanging limply in the lambent air, sent its flood of red over the little group.

As we waved goodbye, we felt how intimately the past and present are related. How great traditions never die, but repeat themselves in national life from generation to generation. The high caring for the humble, the rich for the poor. How love of country wipes out all distinctions of caste, making France what she is today, the world's example of sacrifice, devotion and patriotism.

September, 1916.

A BELGIAN ROMANCE

Yolande de M=

A BELGIAN ROMANCE

SHE was a slender, graceful creature; tall, blond, highbred; so young and so good-looking, one wondered how she was able to escape from Belgium without unheard-of difficulties from those brutes of Germans; but here she was, that cold February night, coming to Val Fleuri with a pitiful handful of luggage, a great courage, and soul-racking remembrances.

A mutual friend had months ago told me of her tragic experiences and her keen desire to escape from the German tyranny in Belgium, so we originated a scheme (through a Belgian consul in Switzerland) by which she was to travel via Germany to Switzerland, thence to France where she would sign on as a regular Red Cross nurse.

Poor girl! Her life in Namur had been so tragic, it was extraordinary she had the courage to undertake *alone* a long journey, in the depth of winter, through enemy country, going voluntarily into exile for an indefinite period, with no one to turn to in case of trouble or sickness, entirely dependent on her meager Red Cross pay, frcs 2.50 (50 cents) a day—board and lodging alone being provided by the hospital.

She remained a number of months in Val Fleuri as our guest, and little by little, as her reserve wore off, the tale of the actual horror of her life under the German yoke came out, and I was able to understand the motive which

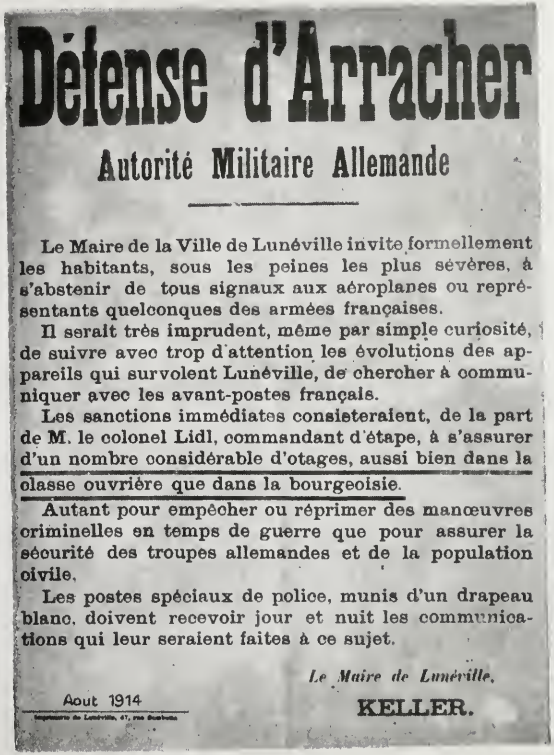
drove her, a beautiful girl of twenty-seven, into France, facing an unknown future and a hard present, rather than remain a day longer than was necessary under German rule.

The only daughter of a rich and indulgent widow, until the fatal summer of 1914, she had lived a luxurious idle life; petted by society in Belgium for her charm and her beauty; welcomed at house parties and balls; sought for cotillions, dinners, race-meetings; with all that wealth and rank in the old nobility could offer to a girl of her position, the sudden transition to the horrors of German invasion and occupation was terrific.

When the war broke out in 1914, her mother and she were entertaining a large house-party of fashionable young people in their chateau, some miles out from Namur. The sudden crashing of guns broke in upon their country pleasures, their guests fled, the shells boomed over the park and buildings, old friends advised them, two defenseless women, to abandon the chateau and take refuge in their large town house at Namur.

Their hearts were heavy with grief and foreboding, that August morning, when they looked their last on their ancestral home; its huge towers and wide terraces framed in great oaks and chestnuts, sleeping tranquilly beneath a radiant blue sky. Ten days later their home had been gutted from tower to basement, flames had destroyed their furniture, pictures, family heirlooms, household treasures—all scattered, burnt or carried off by the Huns—and, crowning insult, German dead buried in the rose-gardens beneath the marble terrace.*

*Note. She seemed to feel this more bitterly than anything else.



Défense d'Arracher

Autorité Militaire Allemande

Le Maire de la Ville de Lunéville invite formellement les habitants, sous les peines les plus sévères, à s'abstenir de tous signaux aux aéroplanes ou représentants quelconques des armées françaises.

Il serait très imprudent, même par simple curiosité, de suivre avec trop d'attention les évolutions des appareils qui survolent Lunéville, de chercher à communiquer avec les avant-postes français.

Les sanctions immédiates consisteraient, de la part de M. le colonel Lidl, commandant d'étape, à s'assurer d'un nombre considérable d'otages, aussi bien dans la classe ouvrière que dans la bourgeoisie.

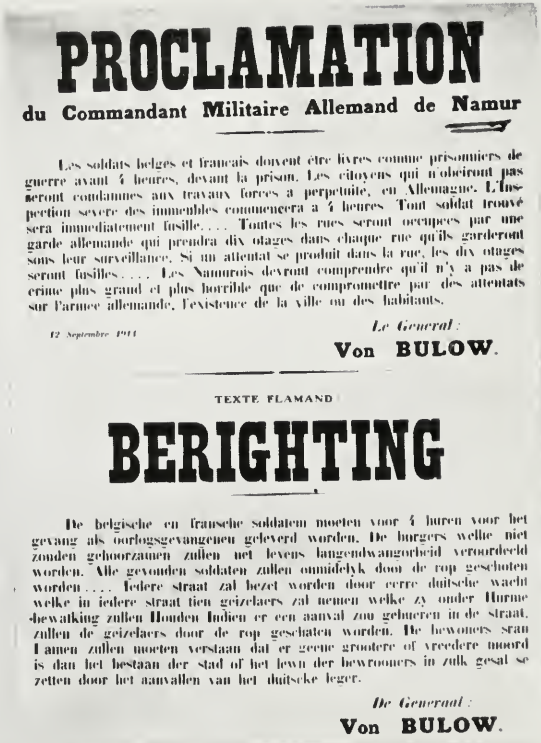
Autant pour empêcher ou réprimer des manœuvres criminelles en temps de guerre que pour assurer la sécurité des troupes allemandes et de la population civile.

Les postes spéciaux de police, munis d'un drapeau blanc, doivent recevoir jour et nuit les communications qui leur seraient faites à ce sujet.

Le Maire de Lunéville.

KELLER.

Aout 1914



PROCLAMATION

du Commandant Militaire Allemand de Namur

Les soldats belges et français doivent être livrés comme prisonniers de guerre avant 4 heures, devant la prison. Les citoyens qui n'obéiront pas seront condamnés aux travaux forcés à perpétuité, en Allemagne. L'inspection sévère des immeubles commencera à 4 heures. Tout soldat trouvé sera immédiatement fusillé.... Toutes les rues seront occupées par une garde allemande qui prendra dix otages dans chaque rue qu'ils garderont sous leur surveillance. Si un attentat se produit dans la rue, les dix otages seront fusillés.... Les Namurois devront comprendre qu'il n'y a pas de crime plus grand et plus horrible que de compromettre par des attentats sur l'armée allemande, l'existence de la ville ou des habitants.

12 Septembre 1914

Le Général :

Von BULOW.

TEXTE FLAMAND

BERIGHTING

De belgische en fransche soldaten moeten voor 4 huren voor het gevang als oorlogsgevangenen geleverd worden. De burgers welke niet zouden gehoorzamen zullen met levens langendwangarbeid veroordeeld worden. Alle gevonden soldaten zullen onmiddelyk door de rop geschoten worden.... Iedere straat zal bezet worden door eerre duitsche wacht welke in iedere straat tien geizelaers zal nemen welke zy onder Hurne bewatking zullen Houden Indien er een aanval zou gebueren in de straat, zullen de geizelaers door de rop geschaten worden. De bewoners staa Tamen zullen moeten verstaan dat er geene grootere of vreedere moord is dan het bestaan der stad of het lewn der bewroouers in zulk gesal se zetten door het aanvallen van het duitsche leger.

De Generaal :

Von BULOW.

Placarded all over the walls at Namur

None of us in America have had our homes pillaged or destroyed, so it is hard to realize the heart-anguish of looking on, helpless, while the destruction of all one holds sacred is consummated; so these two lonely women passed many gloomy hours in the town house at Namur where they immediately installed a Red Cross hospital.

The shells boomed night and day over the town; every hour my young friend passed through the whole building, with her servants, carrying water, wet blankets and sticks to beat out any possible fire; six or seven poor families from the neighbors had taken refuge in their great house, and one could not turn them away to face the fire and bullets in the streets, so they camped out in the kitchen and offices, hall-ways and cellars. The Louis XVI ball-room, with its magnificent frescoes and paneled walls, was turned into a temporary hospital, my young friend in charge.

Fortunately, before the war, she had, like many women of rank in Belgium, taken a course in surgical nursing, and, having passed her examination, was fully qualified to take charge of the hospital. The wounded during the siege were brought in from the streets, their blood staining the marble steps of the grand escalier, and lying in pools on the inlaid floors of the ball room. A ghastly reminder for all time of that August, 1914! For four months they fed, sheltered and protected 36 people, not counting the wounded. The Red Cross flag over the great portes-cocheres did not prevent the German soldiers

from firing at any imprudent person who might show themselves at the windows after dark.

The health of the widow, never robust, gave away under these misfortunes, and early in December, 1914, the poor girl was left alone to face her difficulties. Her country destroyed, her mother dead, the town house a hospital, and German officers quartered in the two wings looking on the court. Not a safe or pleasant home for a defenseless girl. Friends of her parents advised her leaving for France, but still she hesitated to leave what little remained of her previous happiness to seek an unknown future in a strange land, and only a dangerous and unpleasant incident finally decided her to take this hazardous step.

In December, curious to see the damage done by the Huns, she went with a girl friend to visit the town of *Dinant*, that spot of infamous memory, where the boches shot down civilians—men, women and children—like dogs, and dragged their families out to see their execution. On the train, the girls fell into conversation with a man who, a native of Dinant, had nearly been massacred on that fearful day in August. He said he had been lined up with the other victims and the order given. Shots were poured into the helpless crowd. He owed his escape to the fact that he was in the second line and was short, the man in front being a tall noble, who turned out to be a cousin of my Yolande. He showed the girls a sharp, white line along the top of his head, where the bullet had passed. He fell beneath the cousin of my friend,

who, being a large, heavy man, completely covered him. During the night the boches came back often and fired into the dark mass, did they see the slightest movement. All during the night the man talked in undertones to the wounded noble, who told him to be still until dawn, when they might hope to escape in the morning mists by swimming the Meuse.

About 3:30 A. M., the traveler spoke to the noble, and, getting no reply, very slowly and carefully moved his hand up to where he thought the head was. The body had been growing heavier and heavier and he had been saturated with a wet substance. What was his horror to find the head had been shot away in the last volley! He waited, silent as the dead about him, until the morning mists crept up from the river, then wriggled out from the mass of dead, and effected his escape by creeping down the bank and swimming the Meuse in the early dawn before the sun rose. My poor Yolande was deeply affected by this recital. She had known of the murder of her relative, but none of the details. On reaching Dinant, she visited the devastated part of the town, where some poor wretched women sought shelter under their broken roofs, having lost everything, and not knowing where their families were scattered, having nowhere else to go, they came back like homeless cats, nothing but broken walls, shattered roofs and piles of plaster, bricks, charred wood, and perhaps a chimney to show what had once been their homes; but they came back and poked among the rubbish with sticks, hoping to find a spoon or cooking

utensil; many holding monkey-like babies to their starved breasts, all that remained to them of their previous families.

Sitting thus, holding their starving children to their bosoms, their vacant faces and shrivelled forms outlined under the roofless doorways; staring at space, they presented a truly desolate picture. My friend spoke to them and tried to awaken and cheer them, but it was useless, they were too far gone in misery to even understand.

This horrible spectacle of misery, combined with the story of her relative's death, raised such hatred in her heart that, as she said, she must have shown too plainly what she felt, for, while passing in front of a cafe where some German officers were singing and feasting, she suddenly felt a hand on her shoulder and she and her friend were arrested and taken to the guardhouse. When she demanded why they had been arrested the sergeant said: "because she had cast such a look of hatred at the officers in the cafe!" ("Un regard de hain.")

For five hours they were left sitting in the guard-room, while soldiers came in and tried to laugh and talk to them. Finally the officer who had them arrested came in and tried to "jolly" them. When all his efforts were met with a frigid silence, he went to the phone. Fortunately for Yolande, as she understood his German orders, she immediately claimed her release as a Red Cross nurse. He would not listen at first, but an insistant appeal to the Military Governor on her part secured their freedom, and

the two girls were turned out at two o'clock in the morning in the soldier-infested streets of Dinant; and, remember, this was at the height of the German invasion of Belgium, when the whole country lay at their mercy. Had she not understood German, it is doubtful if the girls would ever have been seen again!

How she ever got back to Namur she never quite remembered, but this experience determined her to leave. After much wire-pulling and family influence, she obtained her passports, and, in company of a young wife and three small children, they made their way across Germany to Switzerland. Her perfect German accent and blond appearance helped them along, but when at last they crossed the frontier their hearts were too heavy for talk. They were safe, but at what a sacrifice.

Safely arrived in Dinard, she immediately signed on "for the war," and became one of the most valuable and beloved nurses. She was so gentle and gracious, but still so firm and competent, she soon was given charge of a whole floor (65 men of all kinds and descriptions). I looked at her often in amazement. How that slender young woman could make those rough men obey her! She never raised her voice or lost her temper in all the eighteen months she was in Dinard. I never saw her peeved, or snappy, or cross.

At that time I used to go every morning, from 9 to 12, to make a little "extra food" or canteen for the more dangerously wounded, I had invited a friend, the Marquise de T—— (also a Belgian), to help me. We had a little

rolling table piled high with jam, bread and butter, soup, and a rum punch I made from Mellin's food, milk and eggs and rum, which we took to the different wounded. The men were very fond of this punch, but only those who were "bed cases" could have it, and then only a glass apiece.

Amongst others, there was a huge Senegalais, an interne for some months, who had had a number of small operations and who, just as he was getting better, would always go out and get drunk and then was laid up again, a perpetual blesse. One day, apparently, the Marquise and I were innocently distributing our little dejeuner, when this huge creature hobbled up, demanding some "Ponche." We told him it was strictly forbidden that day. He gave a wild bellow and rushed at us. I shall never forget that great animal, his face as black as ink, with flashing, angry eyes, his great red mouth open and yelling incomprehensible gibberish at us, flinging himself along on crutches, with terrific speed, he seemed the personification of Darkest Africa.

We fled down the corridor pursued by the negro, our little table rattling along, cups, saucers and tartines bounding out as we ran, the precious rum punch slopping over at every step, and that great bellowing Senegalais pounding along behind, flinging everything that came to hand at us, even to his slippers, which he finally whipped off as he saw us dash around the corner. Suddenly a door opened and Yolande appeared. What she said to the monster or how she appeased him I don't know,

but after a while he went grumbling and growling back to his room. The other soldiers said, *"Vous l'avez echappe belle c'est un mauvais caractere."* (You got off easily, he has a nasty character.)

For over two years, Yolande staid on, reaping golden opinions on all sides; her constant devotion to the wounded all day and many nights, easing their suffering, comforting, cheering, even in the last sad hours staying with them through the Valley of the Shadow, and going to the funeral and the grave! I often wondered how she stood the strain, the long tedious hours, the poor food, the cold and discomfort, the anxiety of the operations, and then, added to all these, the uncertainty of the future, the loneliness of exile, and the then black outlook for Belgium!

A year ago happier times came for the dear girl. For a number of years she had been engaged to a distinguished officer in the Belgian diplomatic service, and last December he was able to obtain leave for three months, and came to carry his bride off to a far-away, sunny country.

I like to think of her, happily married to the man she has loved so long, in a charming house of her own amidst palms, hibiscus and tropical foliage, far-away from all the gloom and tragedy of her war-stricken country. May all happiness and wealth and peace be hers in this new life! She deserves them all.

December, 1917.

THE VOW

(Copy)

Le Journal

Paris, 30 Mars, 1917.

MADAME:

J'ai lu et hautement apprécié la belle traduction que vous avez faite de mon poème et je vous remercie de votre pensée de la faire connaître dans votre pays.

Autant d'Américains fraternels partagent notre indignation francaise et qui s'unis si réellement á la cause de la justice et du droit.

Daigniez agréer, Madame, avec tous mes remerciements, mes hommages respectueux.

HENRI DE REGNIER.

THE VOW

I

I swear to keep forever in my heart
This sacred Hate, until the final beat.
This holy venom will become a part
Of every drop which forms its living heat.
Forever graven on my sombre face
A tragic furrow on my mournful brow.
This outrage leaves its utmost loathly trace
Upon my mind and soul, Forever, Now.

II

My ruined fields, my cities sunk in flame,
My murdered hostages, my fallen sons,
My wounded babes, the nameless deeds of shame
Upon my women, helpless, 'fore the Huns,
I swear I shall avenge! My justice and my right
Shall conquer, or my last red blood I shed.
I, France, austere and blazing in my might
Shout forth this message to my valiant dead.

III

This Holy vow of wrath, this oath of hate,
Before high Heaven solemnly I swear,
Before the waters of the Marne and Aisne,
Still crimson with French blood, I consecrate
Myself. Oh, Rheims sublime! Thou torch whose glare,
Still shows the sacred ruins of thy fane,
Burning and crumbling on the horizon,
Hear, thou, my vow of vengeance on the Hun!

HENRI DE REGNIER.

1917, Translated by Elsie Deming Jarves.

WHAT FRENCHWOMEN ARE DOING IN WAR TIME

EMPRUNT DE LA DÉFENSE NATIONALE

– N'oublie pas de souscrire... pour la Victoire !... et le retour !

PUBLIÉ SOUS LES AUSPICES DE LA FÉDÉRATION NATIONALE DE LA MUTUALITÉ FRANÇAISE QUI FAIT APPEL A TOUS LES TRAVAILLEURS, A TOUS LES PRÉVOYANTS, A TOUS LES PATRIOTES POUR LA LIBÉRATION DU TERRITOIRE ET LA VICTOIRE FINALE.

DEVAMBEZ IMP. PARIS

WHAT FRENCHWOMEN ARE DOING IN WAR TIME

With the full blast of war sweeping over this old Continent, with the young manhood of France forming a wall of steel between us and the enemy who would annihilate, with the prospect of this tragedy continuing for an indefinite period, each Frenchwoman, safe behind the living barrier, asks herself what she can do to help. How to use her individual capacities to the best advantage for the sustenance and comfort of those dear ones—the son or grandson in the trenches, the husband or brother at the front, the children and the old folk left behind in her care.

As one looks abroad over this beautiful country, seeing what she is accomplishing, one is inspired with a sincere and fervent admiration for her devotion, self-sacrifice and patriotism.

These noble qualities are not restricted to one class, but are universal in all ranks; from the peasant to the comtesse, from the little working girl to banker's wife; dressmakers, actresses, school-teachers, shopkeepers, nuns, the erstwhile rich and idle, as well as the wage-gainer, *all* feel the same enthusiasm; the same spirit of courage and endurance fills their souls; the pressing desire to "soul-ager" (help) the sorrow and privation brought on by this war of wars.

All through the summer and autumn the women have worked manfully in the fields. I use this word advisedly.

The physical strength to gather the wheat, cut the hay, garner the fruit and vegetables, care for the cattle, toiling every day and all day to replace the men at the front, shows what healthy living for generations will do.

I have seen them down on the beach raking up the heavy piles of sea-weed, pitching it on the high carts and hauling it back to their farms, sometimes miles away, as fertilizer for the soil.

Strong, broad women these, woolen skirts tucked up high above their thick ankles, muslin coiffes flapping in the stinging wind blowing in from the channel, broad faces and muscular arms, red from exertion; very often even, the Grandma tosses a load of sea-weed on her pitch-fork to the granddaughter, standing high upon the soggy mass in the two-wheeled cart. I have seen them working at the cider mill in the farmyard; ploughing the fields for the winter wheat; driving carts piled with farm products to the markets. A woman and a tiny donkey being about the only means of transport left now, since the horses and men have gone to the war.

The old men and women, who might confidently look forward to a comfortable seat by the open hearth, are out in the fields in all weathers, forgotten, the rheumatic joints, the bronchitis and the colds; the wind is piercing, rain falls almost every day in Brittany, but warm garments, and boots lined with straw keep out the cold, and the cattle must be herded; someone must cut and trim the hedges and trees; collect the apples and cabbages; potatoes and turnips must be dug Many are the little

gifts of knitted socks and jerseys, of passemontagnes (hoods) sent to the "Poilu" at the front, for these women are never idle. In the long, dark evenings by the open fire, with only its light and a candle to brighten the dark interior, knitting needles glisten and click, and thoughts roam afar to the trenches, where, behind the barbed-wire and fortifications, *"the man"* is watching each day.

Railroad canteens are another war work for the soldiers going to, and coming back from the front. Here they can get a warm drink and food—tea, coffee, milk, cocoa, good bread and meat, etc.—served by the ladies of the French Red Cross, who also climb into the trains, passing from carriage to carriage, shaking their little tin boxes for sous or francs; the stations have, as well, a Red Cross dressing station, where wounds are washed and rebandaged, a bed for a weary body, and a quiet hour are provided free of all charge. They are constantly used, I can tell you.

In thousands of hospitals all over France, the Red Cross nurses are working with unexampled devotion. No task is too menial for them, no work too repulsive; their only thought is to relieve the suffering of the poor creatures brought to them. The men repay them well by quick obedience, and openly-expressed gratitude. It is a touching sight to go down a hospital ward lined with beds, and see these chaps follow gratefully with boyish eyes, the little white-robed figure, which represents so much to them of well-being and gentle care. If one stops to inquire about their health, always a cheery answer, *"Ca va bien aujour d'hui, Madame* (It goes well today, Madame);"

no matter how much they suffer, or what acute agony they may be undergoing, they will not admit it.

I know one boy of nineteen, a volunteer, twice wounded, who was told by the doctor, while dressing his wound for the first time after his third operation, "Scream, my boy, scream, if it does you good, it will help." "No, doctor," he replied, "I prefer to whistle." So while the doctor opened the wound and cleaned the bone, he whistled "*Nous les aurons* (We'll get 'em)"—the latest song from the trenches.

Many women who would gladly work in the hospitals are prevented by other duties. They have their homes and children to look after, or old people or invalids dependent on them, or also they must tend the shops in their husbands' absence, or run the auberge or hotel, or work in the factories, but each one does something on the side for the "Union sacrèe." It may not be more than a pair of knitted socks sent weekly to the trenches, or a cushion made of snipped-up cotton rags, cut fine and close, or a package of tobacco bought by carefully saved sous. From this universal wish have been created many good and useful works. During a recent visit to Paris I was impressed by the number of charities Frenchwomen have established and keep in fine running order. Let me mention a few:

1. *Oeuvre des Blesses au Travail* (work of wounded soldiers).

2. *Oeuvre du Soldat dans la Tranchee* (fund for the soldier in the trenches—send warm clothing).

EMPRUNT NATIONAL 1918
SOCIÉTÉ GÉNÉRALE
Pour nous rendre entière LA DOUCE TERRE DE FRANCE

3. For sending food and clothing to the French Prisoners in Germany.

4. The "*Quinze Vingt*," the government establishment for teaching the permanently blind a trade.

5. The Duchesse d'Uzes' organization for sending clothing and money to the soldiers from the invaded districts; men who have no news from their families or relations since the German invasion.

6. Soup kitchens—good, wholesome meals provided for ten cents. There are a number scattered over Paris, frequented by men and women of good positions before the war. Old artists and musicians out of work, professors who have lost their jobs, refugees from Lille, Courtrai and the invaded provinces, widows and girls with no means, little dressmakers and milliners without custom —a sad patient crowd who come silently and humbly to eat the bitter bread of charity. One group of ladies at the Hotel Mercedes (placed at their disposal) provides four hundred meals daily.

L'Oeuvre du Blesse au Travail (objects made by wounded soldiers) are showing in handsomely arranged shops, articles made by the men as they lie wounded in their beds. These articles consist chiefly of baskets of finely plaited straw, some artistically colored and of charming designs; others made by clumsier hands, crude but interesting—lace mats of plaited ribbon; string bags of macramé work; penholders and pencils, fashioned from spent cartridges. Rings made from the aluminum tips of exploded German shells picked up in the French trenches

—these are very cunningly made and are often very handsome in design and execution. Every man, woman and child wants one of these rings, but as their only value is being "genuine," *i. e., made in the trenches by a soldier, from the real shell tip*, there are naturally not enough to go 'round.

Flowers made out of bread, tinted and modeled to an exact imitation of Dresden flowers, stand in little gilt baskets, also made by the soldier. Dolls as Red Cross nurses, soldiers, doll furniture and houses, boxes, baskets, no end of tempting little things are displayed and sold by the ladies of the committee, who guarantee the genuineness of each object.

Then there is the "Journèe," or a day is chosen with the approval of the government, committees are formed in all the cities, towns, and villages of France. Bands of young girls and children start out early to sell flags or boutonnierés or rosettes, on the steps of the churches, at the railroad station, in the public squares and streets, holding their little pincushions stuck with flags, or scraps of ribbon, with a sealed tin box for coins. Thus, enormous sums are collected for the various war works, and every one, no matter how poor or humble, can give his offering.

Besides these charities, innumerable "Ouvroirs" exist in every city. Sewing-rooms, where poor women are paid (and fed) to make shirts, chemises, belly-bands, socks, pyjamas, etc., and everyone is thus helped through the long, hard winter.

Women are taking men's places all over France. Women

are in the munition factories, in the government post-office and telegraph service, as tramway conductors, as metro ticket collectors—places they never dreamed of filling before the war, for the Frenchwoman is essentially a home-body, her "interieur" (home) being dearer to her than all else; to take these masculine occupations is especially hard.

The great dressmakers of the Rue de la Paix, the Rue de Rivoli, and the Place Vendome are doing their share, too. One floor is usually devoted to some charitable purpose, either an "Ouvroir," or a convalescent home, etc.; and that the little "midinette" (apprentice) may feel that she, too, is working for France, a work has been started called "la marraine" (the godmother). Through proper channels, any woman or girl can be put in communication with some lonely soldier in the trenches. She writes him long, encouraging letters. She keeps up his spirits by letting him know someone is thinking of him. When, by strictest economy, she can scrape a few sous together, she buys him a ten-cent packet of tobacco, or a few postal cards, or a pencil, and back in due time comes a soiled card, written in pencil, telling her the news of the trenches, how they will soon throw the "sales boches" out of France, and promising to spend many a happy hour with his "marraine" if he is lucky enough to escape the German bullets.

PRISONERS AND AMBULANCES

PRISONERS AND AMBULANCES

So MANY friends have asked me to tell them about our life here in Brittany, that I have selected a few facts, hoping that these little wavelets, on the ocean of war-literature at present inundating the country, may prove of interest.

Let me first tell the story of an American girl of whom we are all very proud—a girl whose courage and devotion has won her the *Croix de Guerre* and the *Medaille d'or des Epidemes.*

The Vicontesse de la Mettrie, daughter of the late Comte Amedee de Gasquet—James of New Orleans and Dinard—and grand-daughter of the late Colonel George Watson Pratt, of Albany, has lived in Dinard all her life. On the 18th of August, 1914, she offered her services as a nurse, and since that date has been constantly on duty, never sparing herself in her devotion to her wounded.

I cannot do better than translate from the order of the day, read at the army headquarters, the following citation:

"The Vicontesse Henri de la Mettrie, whose husband went to the front early in August, 1914, became hospital-nurse in the military hospitals, first at Rennes, and afterwards at the front on the Somme, and on the Aisne, these last places since 1916. She has just become the object of highly laudatory 'citation' in general orders of the army for the 18th of February, 1918, in the following terms: 'Has shown, during the bombardment of the

ambulance of ———, the utmost courage, devotion and sang froid. On the 30th of November, 1917, her ambulance was subjected to a prolonged bombardment and, although slightly wounded herself from bursting shell, she immediately rescued two dangerously injured stretcher bearers, who fell at her side. She refused to seek shelter and showed the greatest courage throughout all danger.'

"The *Croix de Guerre* is accorded with this citation. Madame de la Mettrie has further earned the gratitude of her compatriots by giving her blood, by infusion, to save the life of one of her wounded men (dying in her hospital at the front) and she had the joy of knowing she had saved his life." Let me add in passing, that, before the war, the Vicontesse de la Mettrie was a lively, gay young woman of fashion, fond of automobiling, hunting, traveling and dancing. The contrast of these carefree days before the war when young, rich and lovely, with a devoted husband and a loving family about her, she could reasonably look forward to every happiness—and the present tragic months under the German guns must be at times overwhelming.

Her last posts have been in such dangerous zones, often under bombardment night and day, that, before the war-office allowed her to go, she was obliged to sign three papers, stating, respectively: First—that she had no children or parents dependent on her; second—that she fully realized the danger, and went at her own risk and peril; third—that her husband knew when and where she was going, and fully gave his consent.

Those people in America who think war-nursing consists of attending to nice, clean, interesting young men in big, airy, spotless wards, with sunshine pouring in at the open windows, flowers on a table near the bed, and pretty Red Cross nurses serving wine, jellies and afternoon tea, would be rather surprised to look in upon these ambulance-stations at the front, behind the first dressing stations.

Imagine a shelltorn, gunswept desert; low, wooden encampments partitioned off into long rooms, full to overflowing with wounded; ankle-deep mud separating the different sheds; appalling food; no possibility of baths or even elementary cleanliness; no comfort of any kind. For sleeping quarters each nurse has a cubicle 5 feet by 9 feet, a cot, a chair, a washbasin on a box, and a small trunk for her clothes. Under the cot is a hole, long and large and deep enough for a person to lie in, into which they pop when the bombardment alarm is given. The damp cold is intense in these desolated regions, the work equally so. Always on the alert for gas attacks or shells, always ready, night and day, for the arrival of freshly wounded from the trenches, only a few yards away, operations often, deaths often, fatigue always, dirt, stenches, vermin, the sacrifice of youth, good looks and ease—these are some of the demands that a military nurse under army orders must consider all in a day's work.

The *Croix de Guerre* is the highest decoration given by the French Government for deeds of valor or endurance under fire, and many are the sons of France who wear it on their blue tunics. That it also gleams on the uniforms

of some of her daughters, shows how unfailing is the heroism and patriotism inspiring alike the men and women of France.

All these four long, weary years this has been the lot of the French.

Behind the lines reigns a constant anxiety. In the cities, in the villages, in the lonely farms, everywhere, the homes are empty of their men-folk. Millions of families living in fear of what crushing news the next hours may bring. Lucky those households whose men are still in the fighting line.

A slight idea of the degradation and misery endured in the German prison camps may be gathered from a letter received from the brother of one of my maids. He is now at Leysin, in Switzerland, trying to regain his health and recover his eyesight. At times he is almost blind, the result of the typhus. If he loses it completely, he will indeed be a helpless burden to his family, as he is a cabinet-maker by trade. His father and mother are humble folk who have brought up their nine children honestly and well, educating them, giving each a good trade, and, before the war, looking forward themselves to a well-earned rest in their old age. Now this large family is completely ruined and broken up. This eldest son almost blind, the second son disappeared since 1914 in the holacust of the war, the third son fighting in Italy. Next month the fourth boy, barely eighteen, joins the colors.

The poor old father, struck down by paralysis, has been slowly dying for months. The rest of the family, the old

mother, four small children and a young girl, are entirely dependent on the wages of my maid, except for 110 francs ($23) a month, given as allowance by the French Government to those whose men are fighting. The old mother has a patch of ground where she grows a few vegetables. One boy of fourteen receives a few francs as electrician (the only wage earner at home). Out of her wages of $20.60 a month, my good Marie has helped her family, bought clothes and medicines for the sick father and the children, and managed to send twice a month, for the last three and one-half years, a box to the prisoner brother. Naturally, all her savings are gone. This is typical of thousands of families all over France—it is not a hard-luck story.

These monthly boxes sent to the prisoners usually contain a half pound of coffee, costing 28 cents; a quarter pound of sugar, costing 5 cents; one-half pound of chocolate, costing 25 cents; one-half pound of rice, costing 18 cents; one-half pound of butter, costing 50 cents; one-half pound of figs, costing 14 cents; one box of sardines, costing 42 cents; one jar of jam, costing 25 cents; one can of condensed milk, costing 55 cents; one box of dates, costing 35 cents; one piece of soap, costing 20 cents; two packages of cigarettes, costing 25 cents; one pair of wool socks; one cotton shirt; packing, costing 50 cents; one box of meat and beans, costing 39 cents.

The letter of Marie's brother is as follows:

"Madame permits me to address to her my sincere thanks for the money which allows me to purchase some

strengthening food, which my poor state of health so greatly demands.

"Since my arrival in Switzerland, I asked no further help from my sister nor my family, who, as Madame knows, have struggled against such great difficulties, due to present conditions. How much they have voluntarily borne during my stay in Germany, when it was so urgent! It is absolutely certain that if I am still in this world it is to thanks of the solicitude of my sister and of my family, who deprived themselves daily in order to send me food.

"Being wounded the 29th of August, 1914, and made prisoner, I dragged about the hospital for five and one-half months. The 15th of February, 1915, I was sent to the camp at Cassel at the very moment of the outbreak of typhus, which appeared the 29th of February. I would not know how to describe to you, Madame, the scenes of horror which I witnessed at that time. I would have to write a book, even then I would lack words to give you the smallest conception of all the great misery whose ghastly impression will remain forever engraved in my soul.

"After nursing a large number of my comrades, attempting by my goodwill to make up for my inexperience, my own turn came. I was struck low by this appalling sickness the 19th of April, 1915. After a few days in the hospital I conquered this awful illness, but in what a state. I could not walk but with the aid of crutches. I was a human rag. The care which I ought to have had was substituted by a complete neglect on the part of the authorities, even the most ordinary and needful precautions were denied me.

"For the following two months I lay on the floor, only a threadbare blanket for covering. It is useless, Madame, to recite to you the treatment of utmost rigor to which I was subjected. It was the same for all of us. Alas, how many unfortunates have died of it! Two thousand five

hundred are the official figures recognized by the German authorities in our hospital.

"They will have to answer before the tribunal of humanity for this horror added to so many others of which they are guilty. They are entirely responsible, for they never made the slightest effort to prevent contagion, or to attenuate, in any way, the hideous results. Quite the contrary! They remained inert, rejoicing in the work of desolation passing before their eyes. Their cynical ferocity permitted the German general commanding our camp to explain in the presence of these dying prisoners: 'I make war in my own way.' He made us feel, we unfortunate moribunds, that if we were left without the most elementary care of nursing, abandoned in a most tragic state, it was entirely due to him, the German general commanding.

"After a long time, the Red Cross, horrified by the ravages caused by this scourge, and by the indifference of the German authorities, obtained after great difficulty, the privilege of sending some French doctors to our camp at Cassel. These devoted men did their whole duty, more than their duty, no matter how trying and disheartening. There, where the deepest despair reigned, their arrival gave us a gleam of hope. By their sublime abnegation and absolute devotion, they succeeded in stamping out this pest; alas, by the sacrifice of their lives. Two of our dear doctors thus paid the debt, but to those who saw them at their work—courageous, cheering, consoling their poor comrades, prey to this vile disease, the remembrance of them will remain forever vivid and holy—these two heroes.

"I have witnessed the most horrible misery, but I would do wrong to let you think I was the greatest sufferer. Whoever has been prisoner in Germany has seen the same spectacle, the acts of refined cruelty one hoped had disappeared forever from the world. I enclose two

photos, which will give you some idea of the actual conditions endured by so many thousand unfortunates fallen into German hands. One shows the interior of a shed where the prisoners are crowded, a bed of infection for all kinds of diseases. The other shows the punishment meted out for the merest peccadillo. They need no comment.

"I cannot close this recital of misery without a word, which I judge very necessary, about this unhappy life, so bravely supported by so many thousands of unfortunates. What would have become of us, but for such kind souls as you? How many of my wretched companions have only been sustained morally and physically, through these days of trial, by the regular arrival of parcels sent by kind unknown friends!

"If these charitable people could hear half of the expressions of gratitude, and see the pleasure caused by these shipments, they would assuredly feel rewarded. I want you to know this, as I feel it will especially interest you. Your kindness towards me proves it. Thanks from me and thanks from them.

"I long to return to France. I await with impatience the day of expatriation, which will permit me to see again my old parents, my family, and to embrace once more my little girls—poor darlings, deprived so early of my affection and care. But I am resigned to wait, and to re-establish here in Switzerland my health, so necessary after this war. I know, Madame, you have given things to my little ones; from me many thanks.

"Receive, Madame, my sincerest salutations and the assurance of my profound gratitude.

"Your devoted,

"F. F.

"Interne Francais.

"Hotel du Chamessaire, Leysin, Suisse."

French Wounded Huddled in Shed in German Prison

Refined Cruelty as Practiced on French Officer in German Prison
for Some Slight Infraction of Rules

With this authentic picture before us, shall we not do well, we Americans, to realize what our own boys will have to face, should they fall into German hands?

Dinard has recently been obliged to open her doors to one thousand homeless children from Nancy. That historical and beautiful old town in Lorraine is no longer a safe place for kiddies. Twelve thousand have been sent here to Brittany, escorted by American Red Cross doctors and American nurses, and their school-masters and mistresses. Poor little mites, they look white and frightened and suppressed, but they must be relieved to feel they can run about the beach without the fear of bombs—that terror, night and day, which for so many months has haunted them.

Now the soft lapping of the waves replaces the roar of cannon; the green fields of Brittany, the crumbling buildings of their old home; but their little hearts are heavy, many a baby is crying for "maman" when bed-time comes. Their wan cheeks are growing rosy in the breezes from the Atlantic. Good butter, milk, eggs and peaceful sunny days, freedom from the fear of bombardment, are building up their fragile little bodies, and the strained look is leaving their eyes, and they are becoming normal children again.

We are constantly suffering from the spy fever. Every once in a while it breaks out in a virulent form. Everyone looks askance at his neighbor. The most absurd rumors circulate through the whole community, and the world and his wife are in a feverish state of exasperation,

each one offering excellent advice as to the suppression of spies, German agents, pro-boches, etc., etc.

Of course, there is some foundation for their fears. If you take up a map of Brittany, you will see that the coast line is greatly indented. There are high, rocky cliffs and innumerable caves which might easily shelter whole cargoes of enemy supplies. Remote little beaches might serve as landing places, and there are all sorts of rumors about tanks of gasoline, barrels of butter, piles of fresh vegetables and meat being hidden in these natural warehouses, and as to how the submarines come in, signalled from shore by their spies, telling them when and where to land.

Undoubtedly there are bases for supplies along the coast. It is wild and uninhabited for miles, the little fishing villages, sheltering along the shore-line in rocky bays and inlets, are practically denuded of able-bodied men; only women, children and old folk living in these little stone cottages facing the rough Atlantic, and who are they to dare to withstand armed Germans?

All the waters along the coast are infested with the German U-boats. Last week the little English packet, running between Saint-Malo and Southampton, was torpedoed ten miles off the Isle of Wight. Only the captain and four others, who happened to be on deck, were saved by clinging to wreckage. All the crew, the two stewardesses, and the cabin boys were drowned before they could reach the deck. We knew them well, these courageous people who have so often made the journey since the war

began, and now they are lying under these green waters, martyrs to their duty.

The submarines take weekly toll, but no names are mentioned in the papers, only the total amount of tonnage lost each week. So, added to the horror of the war, is the horror of the sea. In many a little home along the coast, the wife and mother waits for the man who will never return.

At Paimpel, seventy-five miles away, sixty-six out of the seventy anti-bellum fishing smacks have been sunk. What it means to the poor fishing folk can be better imagined than described. Four or five families would often put the savings of a generation into a fishing boat, and the whole population of many villages lived entirely off the product of the sea. Naturally, their poverty is great, and they don't know where to look for help. As one sits on the rocks, looking at the beautiful turquoise ocean with the great space of radiant blue above, and the coast-line stretching away for miles into the hazy distance, it is hard to realize that beneath these sunny waters, perhaps a mile or two away, lurks that hideous instrument of death, the German submarine.

One cannot deny their presence—they make themselves too often conspicuous. Ten days ago, a British transport was torpedoed and went down off Jersey, about fifty miles from here. Every once in a while a French destroyer comes into Saint-Malo harbor, or a military balloon mounts guard in the translucent air.

A story was told recently which bears out these facts,

but I don't believe, myself, that it is possible. During the high spring tides we had this month of March, the sea went out on the ebb to a great distance, leaving exposed many rocky islets and long sandy beaches. One small island has deep water on one side, where a U-boat could be safely hidden, and a sandy stretch to the landward side forms an ideal harbor.

The story runs that a few days ago two well-dressed men walked into a little country inn, in a small village, ordered a lunch of young vegetables, chicken, cigars and liqueurs. Smiling pleasantly over their meal, before leaving, they called for paper and ink.

They paid for their food in French money, and left a note for the Sous-Préfet of Saint-Malo. Imagine that official's chagrin, on opening it, to find the following:

"Monsieur le Sous-Préfet—We had an excellent lunch and wish to state that we perceive you still eat well in France.

"Captain Fritz.
"Lieut. Johann.

"U-boat off Brittany, March, 1918."

TO A POILU

TO A POILU

Hail to you, Poilu! Before the world you stand
Clad in the glory of your deathless fame;
War had no terrors for the dauntless band
That held the line 'gainst bombs, and shells, and flame.

Through tragic months of winter cold and rain,
When snow and water filled the narrow trench,
Steadfast and patient you did bear the strain;
Oh! little soldier of the war-tried French.

From peasant hut, from wealthy, well-stocked farm,
From mountain village, or town's crowded mart,
When first the Toscin shrilled its fierce alarm,
Gladly you rushed to play your noble part.

Oh, Sons of France! How quickly you forgot
The easy comfort of your tranquil life;
When high and low have shared a common lot
There is no room for friction or for strife.

Beneath the August sun, two years ago,
Life fiercely throbbed and beat in your young frame;
You battled, struggled, panted in the glow
Of love for France, and for her precious fame.

'Midst rye and wheat of cultivated fields,
Where now the harvest waits the reapers' glaive,
Only a wooden cross and rain-stained kepi shields
You—unknown hero in your nameless grave.

Afar, perhaps, some woman mourns your end,
Wondering, in sorrow, where your body lies;
She cannot come with loving hands to tend
Your humble tomb beneath the Argonne skies.

No flowers shall fade upon your lowly mound,
So soon by storm and time effaced to be;
But where you died, 'tis France's holy ground,
An altar and a pledge to Victory.

Hail to you, Poilu! In all the years to come,
You'll represent the Fighting Soul of France;
Verdun, the Meuse, the Champagne and the Somme,
Are clarion notes which thrill, inspire, entrance.

That rolling down the misty vales of Time
Proclaim your strength, your courage, fine and true,
Raising you to the ranks of men sublime;
The World salutes you! Hail to you, Poilu!

Dinard, 1918.

OUR WAR WORK

DEMING JARVES
August 11, 1918

SINCE the following article, "Our War Work," was written, Mr. Deming Jarves has been decorated by the French government with the cross of the Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur.

The Jarves Family were represented in the Great War by Mrs. Jarves' brother, Capt. John P. Jackson, U. S. N., commanding American transports bringing soldiers to France, and the following great-nephews of Mr. Jarves:

Captain Francesco Marigliano, Duke Delmonte of the Cavalliera di Udine, Italian Army, received two of the highest awards for valor in the Battle of the Piave.

Count Pio Marigliano (his brother), First Lieutenant in the Italian Navy, killed in the blowing up of the battleship Leonardo di Vinci.

Captain Howard Kerr, 11th Hussars, British Army, served through the War on the British Front in France and Belgium.

Captain Graham Lindley of the U. S. Army.

Eric and John Higginson (brothers), petty officers in the U. S. Navy, served on destroyers on the Irish Coast.

Charles Higginson (youngest brother of above), took an intensive course at Annapolis, and then received his commission from the U. S. Navy as an Ensign, on a Cruiser doing convoy work.

Mr. Jarves' father and two uncles took part in the War of 1812, and his grandfather in the Revolutionary War.

OUR WAR WORK

(*From the Paris Edition of the* NEW YORK HERALD *of May 12, 1917*)

WHEN the wounded from the Marne began pouring into Brittany, there were no adequate hospitals to receive and care for the thousands of gravely injured men. Everyone was called upon to give money, supplies, beds and bedding, lamps and heating apparatus, surgical instruments, bandages, dressings, hospital garments, all the paraphernalia of great military hospitals, to be installed immediately. The confusion was great, the goodwill endless, but the material lacking.

Upon these tragic circumstances everyone, from peasant to American pleasure-seeker, gave of their best.

Twelve large hospitals were opened in Dinard alone; in the two large casinos, in the hotels, and in private villas in the neighborhood of Dinard.

From St. Malo, St. Servan, Paramé, St. Briac, St. Lunaire, all within walking distance of Dinard, came urgent calls for help.

From remoter convents, where everything had to be provided, came even greater demands.

Mr. and Mrs. Deming Jarves, seeing the necessity for immediate help, gave very largely personally, and wrote to relatives and friends in America for assistance. How generous the response was, is indicated in the following list of friends who responded at once:

Cases were sent by:

The Red Cross Society of Washington.
Philadelphia Emergency Aid Society.
British War Relief Association, New York.
Vacation War Relief Association, New York.
Junior War Relief Association, New York.
Surgical Dressing Committee, Philadelphia.
Princeton Chapter of the American Red Cross.
Detroit Drug Company.
Princess Louis of Battenberg.
Mme. Jusserand (wife of the French Ambassador in Washington).
Mme. Ekengren (wife of the Swedish Minister in Washington).
Lady Swettenham.
Lady Wolseley, of Wolseley.
Miss Martha Codman, Washington.
Mrs. Morehead, Washington.
Mrs. McGowan, Washington.
Miss May Moulton, New York.
Major Louis L. Seaman (President British War Relief Association New York).
Mrs. C. Wolcott Henry, Philadelphia.
Mrs. Freeman, Wissaluckon Heights.
Mrs. Norman, Newport.
Mrs. Charles Pike, Chicago.
Mr. W. M. Kozmenski, Chicago.
Mrs. G. H. Rowland, New York.
Mrs. Russell A. Alger, Detroit.

Money was sent by:

Mr. George A. Russel, Detroit, President People's State Bank, Michigan.
Mr. M. F. Barbour, Detroit, President Michigan Stove Company.
Mr. J. T. McMillan, Detroit, President Detroit Steamship Company.
Mr. H. H. Campbell, Detroit.
Mr. G. E. Lawson, Detroit, Vice-President People's State Bank.
Mr. Angus Smith, Detroit.
Mr. J. Dwyer, Detroit, President Detroit Stove Co.

Mr. H. B. Ledyard, Detroit, President Michigan Central Railway.
Mr. H. Russel, Detroit, Vice-President Michigan Central Railway.
Mr. R. A. Alger, Detroit, Vice-President Packard Motor Car Co.
Mr. C. H. Freer, Detroit.
Mr. J. C. Hutchings, Detroit, Detroit United Railway.
Mr. Howie Muir, Detroit.
Mr. F. J. Hecker, Detroit.
Mrs. R. S. Mason, Detroit.
Mrs. Butler, Detroit.
Mr. Truman H. Newberry, Detroit, former Secretary of the United States Navy.
Mr. J. S. Alexander, New York, President National Bank of Commerce.
Mr. Myron T. Herrick, New York, former Ambassador to France.
Mrs. Helen A. Noyes, St. Paul.
Mrs. Coudert, Washington.
Mrs. Thompson, Washington.
Mrs. Julien-James, Washington.
Mrs. C. Howe Johnson, Washington.
Mrs. Lorthorpe Bradley, Washington.
Mr. Gibson Farnstock, Washington.
Mr. Hudnut, New York.
Mr. John Aspergren, New York.
Mrs. Sheffield Phelps, New York.
Mrs. Moses Taylor Pyne, New York.
Mrs. John Innes Kane, New York.
Mrs. Edward Walker, Detroit.
Mrs. J. J. White, Atlantic City.
Mrs. Barker Gummere, Washington.

Mme. Ekengren and Miss Helen Patten sent a sum of money, being the proceeds of a concert arranged by them.

Villa Transformed Into Warehouse

Mr. Jarves converted two salons of his Villa Val Fleuri into receiving and storing rooms, engaged a secretary and two women for the packing and re-sorting of supplies, and used the garage for opening and receiving the cases. It

is estimated that over 97,000 articles have been thus distributed, not to mention tobacco, candies, fruit, cocoa, chocolate, Liebig's Extract, Valentine's Essence, Benger's Food, tetanus serum, etc.

To give a more complete idea of the extent of the work done, it is only necessary to say that 6,393 beds have been installed in the various buildings converted into hospitals.

Besides these immediate demands for medical and surgical supplies, came the call of the homeless, the refugees, prisoners in Germany (Dinard men). From all sides, these appeals poured in from the unfortunate victims of the war.

Thousands of Belgians sought refuge in Brittany. Baronne Raymond de Saint-Gilles, at Le Fretay, has over 4,000 dependent on her for assistance, and Abbé Destroopers at Avranches, and Mlle. Powis de Tenbossche at Rennes, both of whom have over 3,000 Belgians on their refuge lists, all have been supplied with great quantities of garments.

The convents were especially deserving of assistance; many throughout Brittany were of the poorest description. These religious women found themselves face to face with, for them, unparalleled conditions, and were occupied in attending Arabs, Senagalais, Turcos, Bretons, Chasseurs Alpins and Paris "gamins."

The accommodations were poor enough and the medical and surgical supplies utterly inadequate, for they simply did not exist.

To them, Mr. Jarves was able to give a large quantity of necessary articles, including a hot-air apparatus, a full set

of surgical instruments, clothing, medicines, comforts and money. The supplies from America have been divided with the conscientious desire to see American generosity help as far as could be.

97,610 Articles Distributed

The following list is an estimate of the numbers and kind of articles distributed:

Compresses of all kinds	37,000
Bandages of all kinds	22,000
Pairs of socks	4,290
Shirts	2,095
Articles of children's clothing	4,000
Articles of men's and women's clothing	2,500
Pyjamas	375
Miscellaneous articles	24,500
Cotton wool (pounds)	850
Total	97,610

About six hundred surgical instruments have been distributed to various hospitals in Brittany.

Gifts of money have been distributed as follows:

November, 1914—Five thousand francs to the Oeuvre des Belges, Dinard.

November, 1914—Ten thousand francs to M. Crolard (Mayor of Dinard) for the poor of Dinard and the French and Belgian refugees.

The balance was spent in England in purchasing provisions, surgical instruments and dressings for the hospitals.

In December, 1916, Mr. Deming Jarves gave to the town of Dinard the sum of 5,800fr., to form a fund called

the "Deming Jarves Fund" (which was increased later to 10,000fr.), which the mayor is distributing to the poor, residing permanently in Dinard and having need of immediate assistance.

All automobile expenses, transport, storage, cartage, distribution and Custom House expenses have been paid by Mr. Deming Jarves. These expenses are estimated at not less than 15,000fr.

The work still continues, although for the last year, through the courtesy of the American Relief Clearing House, the cases are sent through free of charge from Bordeaux.

France's Thanks

On July 8, 1915, Mr. and Mrs. Deming Jarves were notified by M. Julliard, the Préfet of Ille-et-Vilaine, that he would call on them on July 11, at three o'clock, accompanied by M. Lacouloumére, Sous-Préfet of Redon; M. Revilliot, Sous-Préfet of Saint-Malo; General Grillot, commanding the district; M. Crolard, Mayor of Dinard, "en grande tenue," to thank them in the name of France for their generous help in the great crisis of this war.

Garden of Val Fleuri, Dinard—Official Visit of the Préfet of Ille-et-Vilaine to Thank Mr. and Mrs. Deming Jarves in the Name of the French Government for Their War Work

AMERICANS IN BRITTANY

AMERICANS IN BRITTANY

When the Yankees return home after the great war is over, those who have been quartered in Brittany will carry back a vivid impression of long stretches of green forests and fields, of tumbling green waters, of gray-and-white skies with dashes of tender blue, of glinting sunshine lying warm on blue slate roofs, of low stone villages huddled about quaint church-towers, and of granite buildings of unknown antiquity — and some may carry home recollections of yellow- or auburn-haired girls, rosy-cheeked, clad in heavy black peasant costumes and white muslin "coiffes."

It rains often in this west country, skies hang low, and there is much hazy atmosphere and blue-wrapped distances, but the temperature is so mild, roses bloom all winter, mimosa spread their golden sprays over southern walls. The hedgerows and uplands are aglow early in January with primroses and gorse, all shades of golden yellows, cutting sharp against green backgrounds and vapory skies.

The air is mild and damp, and it is probably due to this purity of atmosphere, that the Breton is as hardy and as vigorous as he is, for their cottages, with the dirt floors, walled-in beds, and lack of cleanliness, are about as sanitary as in the days of Anne of Brittany.

Since 1914 these good people have been called upon to provide hospitality for all kinds of foreigners; strangers

who, in ordinary life, had never even heard of this part of the world, and who probably never had any desire to see it—but Kaiser Wilhelm arranged otherwise, and they poured in in their thousands. Somehow or other, food and lodging were found for them, and they became tremendously at home. Some, much too much so!

First came the Belgians, poor, driven, dazed creatures, carrying all sorts of parcels and bundles, footsore, limping, weary; fleeing before that first dreadful on-rush of Germans in August, 1914. Everyone worked to get them food, clothing and lodging; but, scattered all over the province, they were wretchedly unhappy crowds, knowing no language but Flemish or Walloon, isolated and lost in France, and with their families in Belgium. English and Americans took charge of them, and, by tireless generosity and exertion, provided them with the necessities of life.

I know of one Belgian hospital at St. Lunaire, which, for the last four-and-a-half years, has been dependent on five English girls, who, through all sorts of trouble, complications and work have kept it going—and going competently and well.

From England they obtained the necessary surgical and hospital supplies, but often and often they had to dip deep into their own pockets—it was a flimsy summer hotel, in no way suited to a hospital service; but, nothing daunted, they stuck at it courageously, giving time, health, and wealth, never relaxing their efforts, or becoming discouraged—brave, unselfish, untiring volunteers!

Many a Belgian, exiled, wounded, homesick, has a

special little shrine in his heart for the Misses de Montmorency and Miss Amscott.

After the Belgian invasion, came the French wounded. I would not dare say how many thousands have passed through the Dinard hospitals, where they were nursed by French, English, Belgian and American Red Cross ladies. For years, the streets were full of bandaged, limping creatures, happy to recuperate in our soft climate. While these were in our town, we were suddenly inundated by hordes of Russians; strong, vigorous young men, with a charming disregard for all discipline, and an ardent determination to do exactly as they chose. When remonstrated with, they just laughed and said: "Kaput czar, kaput Russia—kaput tout," and that is all there was to it. They weren't going to fight any more, or obey anyone. They traveled when it pleased them, getting on or off of trains, without inquiring about their destination, carefully ignoring all formalities, such as tickets, time, or overcrowding, and behaved themselves generally as if law and order had disappeared with the czar. Great, strapping chaps they were, too; in clean, well-brushed uniforms and fine boots, apparently not concerning themselves in the least as to the war or the future, sauntering about our streets, amusing themselves as they saw fit, and finally becoming so unbearable that a few were hauled up and shot by the authorities at St. Malo, and the rest sent off somewhere, at the unanimous request of St. Malo and Dinard.

In ordinary times, these Belgians and Russians would never have heard of Dinard, and been perfectly satisfied

not to, but then so would we have been, had William the Kaiser permitted them to remain at home.

Last March, the third invasion took place—twelve hundred boys and girls from Nancy, aged four to twelve years. They were quartered at the Royal Hospital and at St. Lunaire, and the American Red Cross sent down nurses and doctors to look after them. They needed everything—clothing, boots, medical attendance and hygiene—being in a shocking condition, having hidden in cellars for months during the bombardment of Nancy; their faces were yellow and pinched, their bodies unhealthy and sickly, their morale at its lowest ebb.

Mr. Thomas Ewing Moore, representative of the American Red Cross, formed a committee of ladies, with the Marquise de Sigy as president, who tells me they distributed, in four months, over ten thousand garments, shoes, boots, hats, underwear, etc.

After the Nancy children had been comfortably installed and attended to, French refugees from the Aisne began to pour in, fleeing before the German offensive of last March. Again the American Red Cross came to their relief, and over $100,000.00 was spent on them—clothing, food, medicines, coal were purchased, homes found, furniture bought—a tremendous work all over Brittany.

All these invasions gave a great deal to do, no one could afford to be idle, and I must say the call was nobly responded to. A branch of the Surgical Dressings Service (American Red Cross) was installed by Mrs. Austin, an "ouvroir" opened, which did splendid work from October,

1917, to September, 1918. 300,000 dressings were sent to Paris; English, French, Belgian and American ladies worked all day and every day; and, thanks to President Mrs. John C. Howard's tact, it proved to be a most harmonious circle. From accounts one hears on all sides of other "ouvroirs," harmony is not precisely their most conspicuous feature.

Elmer Stetson Harden is the *one* American volunteer serving in our Brittany regiments. He won the highest praise for his fine courage under fire, which earned him the *Croix de Guerre*. His officers and companions consider it rather splendid of him, a rich and independent American, to volunteer as a simple "poilu," and to refuse all promotion, satisfied to remain with them through dangers and discomforts, sharing their everyday life out of love for France. It is the more praiseworthy, as he is beyond the age limit; Medford, Mass., may well be proud of this son of hers. He has been wounded twice. After months of suffering in a Dinard hospital, is now cheery and well. I met him yesterday at a luncheon and was glad to see such a wholesome American in horizon-blue.

After all these different invasions—Belgian, French, wounded, children—you can imagine we looked with some misgiving on a Yankee one. The American Y. M. C. A. opened in August, 1,200 men in Dinard, 2,000 across the bay at St. Malo and Paramé; but now, after three months, I can frankly say they are welcome everywhere.

Well-behaved, well-mannered, cheery, healthy, young, they come like a fresh breeze from the sparkling

Atlantic, bringing hope, courage and enthusiasm in their wake.

It is so delightful for us war-weary Dinardais to come in contact with anything so vital, and vigorous, that we open our doors to them, bidding them welcome, with patriotic fervor.

All the Anglo-American colony, as well as the French aristocracy at Dinard, have entertained them, either at luncheon or teas, and the Y. M. C. A. has done its utmost to make their short vacation a happy and memorable one. Trips to Mont St. Michel, Dinan and Combourg are included in their week's stay. Vaudeville performances, dances, concerts, everything to make them feel at home and "comfy." My French friends are much impressed by their intelligence and manliness. My friend, the Countess de Durfort, receives 200 every Friday at her feudal Castle of Combourg, and often tells me what pleasure it gives her to entertain "ces braves Américains."

La Baronne de Charette, née Miss Antoinette Polk, of Tennessee, great-niece of President Polk, and widow of Général de Charette, the famous leader of the Papal Zouaves in the war of 1870, has opened her old Chateau every Wednesday to 200 Yankees.

Her Brittany home lies in a hollow surrounded by gray-bearded oaks, near the river Rance. It is full of historical souvenirs of all kinds. Royalty has spent many happy days beneath its high-peeked roof; parties and festivities of all sorts taking place here.

Wednesdays have always been the reception days of the

General and Mme. de Charette, since 1883. Notabilities who came to Brittany, made it a pleasure as well as a duty to pay their respects to the venerable hero and his charming American wife; they enjoyed a truly southern hospitality, inspected the various historical souvenirs, the flags, the banners, the presentation swords (gifts of devoted admirers all over France), walked in the beautiful park, feasted on good wine and good cheer, and departed with a pleasant recollection of all the charms of this old-world manor, given to the famous general by his ardent followers, the Papal Zouaves.

Madame de Charette wanted to offer the same hospitality to her American compatriots as was offered to European royalty and distinguished foreigners. So every Wednesday her doors are opened to 200 Yanks.

They find an excellent "goûter," a charming hostess, surrounded by the ladies of the nobility from the neighborhood, who put themselves out to amuse the "doughboys."

Music, singing, dancing, fill in the hours from 3 to 8, but what they seem to like the most is to sit in the half-light in a circle, before the great granite chimney-place, the logs burning and snapping, casting weird shadows over these fighters from afar, on the heavy oak beams of the "Salle des Zouaves," flitting here and there over the dark oak furniture, catching a sheen of light from steel helmets, of a bit of color from some pendant war flag. They listen to the old southern tales and the history of the general's battles, or tell, themselves, of what they have seen or done in this war of wars.

Among the French and Italian flags is one—a poor, tattered, faded silk American one—cherished reverently by the family; for, in 1862, Mme. de Charette (then Miss Polk) rode on horseback by a black night to warn General Forrest of the approach of the Union troops. After the victory, General Forrest presented this trophy to the young girl, saying: "My child, thanks to you, we have won the battle; to you, therefore, I give the flag."

Mme. de Charette's only son, the Marquis de Charette, was wounded April 16, 1917, being the only man in his tank to escape alive; he has fighting blood in his veins, for, besides his father's, his ancestors, General de Charette fought at Yorktown with General Lafayette—as well as General Leonidas Polk of the Southern army. We consider it a privilege for our Yankee boys to see such an interior; our own entertainments for them in our modern villas at Dinard being much inferior in interest and attractions, but it is a great pleasure to receive them.

Every Saturday a certain number—20 to 25—come to our home, "Val Fleuri," and we give them American pumpkin-pie, cornbread, potato-chips, cakes, chocolate, etc. Pretty girls dance with them, we sing war songs, and old-fashioned ones, too, and although each Saturday brings a new set, my husband and I are glad to be able to offer to these "boys from God's country" an afternoon in our American home.

October, 1918.

VICTORIOUS BELLS OF FRANCE

Et maintenant—
tressons des couronnes
pour ceux que nous attendons
et aussi pour ceux qui ne reviendront plus

VICTORIOUS BELLS OF FRANCE

It is the eleventh of November, a date future generations will look back to as the greatest in modern history; a date which marks the end of the most brutal and aggressive war. The horrible nightmare is over, and the "superman" vanquished, pray God, for all time.

We who have lived through these long tragic years, who have seen with what fortitude and patience the darkest hours have been borne, when storm-clouds blackened the skies and hope hid her face—we tremble with longing for Peace, can scarcely believe it can be true. The hope has dwelt so long in our hearts, the realization has seemed so impossible.

All the morning the town was alive with rumors—a word, a suggestion, a guess, all light as a zephir, but gaining stability as they spread—until people crowding in the streets with radiant faces and happy eyes, became aware of the certitude of Victory as yet unannounced:

"Is it true the boches are beaten?"

"Have we the victory?"

"Foch has signed today."

"The Kaiser has fled."

"The Crown Prince is killed."

A hundred such-like reports were tossed about, nothing definite but a happy expectancy on all the grinning faces. I met the mayor at 11 o'clock.

"Ah, Ah, Monsieur le Maire, voici la Victoire; What? (There is Victory?)"

"But non, Madame, not yet, it is not official."

"But at least we can pavoise (beflag)?"

"Non, non, Madame, pas encore, but—" with a twinkling eye, "you can have your flags ready."

All along the streets are little groups of people chattering excitedly, joined constantly by new-comers; itinerant newsmongers, each with his own special brand of rumor. At the Place de l'Eglise, a large crowd has gathered, waiting for the bells, so long silent, now perhaps to ring in a new era for humanity. The postmaster, a functionary of importance in our little town, is gesticulating and laughing with the *commandant de place*. Peasants, shopkeepers, doughboys, Red Cross nurses, Poilus and Belgian wounded, priests, children, old and young, are all crowding, jostling, each with perfect good humor.

Flags spring forth on house-fronts, little fluttering lines of bunting stretch across from window to window, flowers appear in buttonholes, out of church-tower windows lean the bell ringers; a little French flag has been hoisted high on the tower, the first in four years.

"Will the great news never come?"

Presently a loud clattering of sabots; the schools are out, 'round the corner they stream at full speed, twenty abreast, little chaps from eight to twelve, their pink faces aglow, their capes streaming in the wind, a tricolor grasped in red fists, bobbing in front line. Dear little chaps, each has lost someone—a brother or a father—one's eyes fill

COMPTOIR NATIONAL
D'ESCOMPTE DE PARIS
EMPRUNT
NATIONAL
1918
AUGUSTE LEROUX
Pour hâter la Victoire
et pour nous revoir bientôt Souscrivez !
ON SOUSCRIT SANS FRAIS AU SIÈGE SOCIAL, 14, RUE BERGÈRE, À PARIS
ET DANS TOUTES LES AGENCES OU BUREAUX DE QUARTIER.
Imprimerie Joseph CHARLES Paris

with tears of relief of what they have escaped, these little citizens of the future, they *at least* can grow to the fulness of manhood without a dreadful menace hanging over them. The world is safe for them.

The clock points to 3. Suddenly a great peal of bells rings out on the sunny November air; louder and louder the sound reverberates over the autumn trees and far out to sea, loud and clear and joyous, carrying the glorious news over land and water to the hearts of the waiting people.

Ah! ring, bells of France! Ring out over all this beautiful martyred land, over towns and villages, over country, river, sea. Messengers of God, bringing joy and hope. Ring in long, swelling notes, full of harmony and Peace. Bring to all who listen the certitude of victory; the knowledge that the vast sacrifices have not been in vain; that Peace soon will spread her healing breath over this sore-tried nation. As the carillons ring, a shout bursts out, people weep, laugh, embrace each other. They sob and cheer in the same breath, all hearts united in one over-whelming wave of gratitude and thanksgiving.

Then a slow booming from the cannon at Saint-Malo sounds across the water—only a few days ago what fears it would have caused—but today, thrice blessed guns!

The doughboys raise a terrific shouting; some whistle, shriek, cat-call; tin pans are banged as cymbals; a procession is formed, French and Belgians with their flags in

front, singing the "Marseillaise," then the Yanks, cheering and dancing arm in arm, thirty abreast, zigzaging down the boulevard. I ran out with some thirty small national flags, and in a second they were whipped out of my arms and went careering away over the heads of the shouting men.

The procession swept on, catching up bystanders; infirmieres had flags thrust at them, and joined the ranks, their white veils and dresses gleaming ahead; some of the Americans picked up the tiny children, carrying them shoulder high, the kiddies clutching them in a strangle-hold, their necks craning to see their mothers and sisters running along the sidewalk near them.

The crowd swings on to visit the hospitals, to salute their wounded comrades, to the *mairie*, to the *commandant de place*, singing "Over There," the "Star-Spangled Banner," the "Marseillaise," and "la Brabanconne." There was no bed that day for the wounded, operation or no operation they hung out of the windows and balconies, to the horror of their nurses, waving handkerchiefs, towels, pillow-slips, slippers—anything that came to hand. One boy, with the *Croix de Guerre* and four other medals, hobbled out on the terrace, waved a crutch, sang the first verse of the "Marseillaise," and then fainted dead away. Another hung over a balcony cheering himself hoarse, when remonstrated with and told to remember his operation of two days ago, declared he didn't care if he had to spend six more weeks in bed, he had been wounded five times for his

country's good, and now he would have one for his own pleasure.

All the afternoon, little bands marched up and down, a group of Belgians with an accordion, the player with an arm in a sling clutching it somehow, playing the "Brabanconne." Yanks decked out in paper caps and tricolor ribbons, arm in arm with singing girls, sky-larking about the town. All the week, festivities have been in full swing, in the cafes, the hotels, the American Y. M. C. A. —entertainments, flags, cheering, songs, music, games— the world is alive again, and fear, death, horror banished.

So it is all over France. Paris is delirious with joy. I quote from a letter from a French officer:

"The enthusiasm is indescribable! Sammies, Tommies, Poilus, Midinettes, dance the farandele in the streets, singing. More serious people content themselves with round dances on the sidewalks; the girls have their hair tied with tricolor ribbons, the men wear colored paper caps. Actresses are singing on the street corners, waving flags. Add to this the firing of cannon and bombs as if we were back in the evil days of *avions* last spring. Your compatriots, colder and more phlegmatic, content themselves with firing their revolvers in the air. I hope they withdrew the bullets. In every street are corteges with flags, drums, trumpets. 'Marseillaise' sang, shouted, whistled. Some drag the German cannons surmounted by poilus, from the Place de la Concorde; on all sides a sea of heads; impossible to cross the Avenue de la Opera, but every one is 'bon-enfant,' and there have been no fights.

"On the boulevards are great 'Transparents' with Foch, Wilson and Clemenceau's portraits. The crowd stands

all day and all night acclaiming them. Clemenceau himself ventured out on the boulevards, and only escaped suffocation from his too ardent admirers, by rushing into the Grand Hotel and having the *portes cocheres* closed."

As soon as the news of the signing of the armistice was known in official circles yesterday morning, the Paris Municipal Council sent out, to be posted all over the city, a stirring appeal to the population to celebrate the greatest victory ever won. The poster read as follows:

"INHABITANTS OF PARIS"

"Victory! Triumphant Victory! On all fronts the defeated enemy has laid down his arms! Blood will cease to flow!

"Let Paris throw off the noble reserve for which she has been admired by the whole world.

"Let us give free course to our joy and enthusiasm and hold back our tears.

"To show our infinite gratitude to our magnificent soldiers and their incomparable leaders, let us decorate all our houses with the French colors and those of our dear allies.

"Our dead may rest in peace. The sublime sacrifice they have made of their lives to the future of the race and the salvation of France will not be in vain.

"For them, as for us 'the day of glory has arrived.'

"Vive la Republique!

"Vive la France immortelle!

"For the Municipal Council,

"ADRIEN MITHOUARD, *President.*

"CHAUSSE, CHASSAIGNE-GOYON, ADOLPHE CHERIOUX, HENRI ROUSELLE, *Vice-Presidents;*

"GEORGES POINTEL, LE CORBEILLER, LEMARCHAND, FIANCETTE, *Secretaries;*

"ANDRE GENT, *Syndic.*"

News Flashed Throughout France

While this appeal was being drawn up, the magnificent news was flashed by telephone to the Prefects throughout France by M. Pams, Minister of the Interior, with the following orders:

"Put out flags immediately. Illuminate all public buildings this evening. Have all bells ring out in full peal, and arrange with the military authorities to have guns fired, in order that the people may know of the signing of the armistice.

"*Dinard, November 11th, 1918.*"

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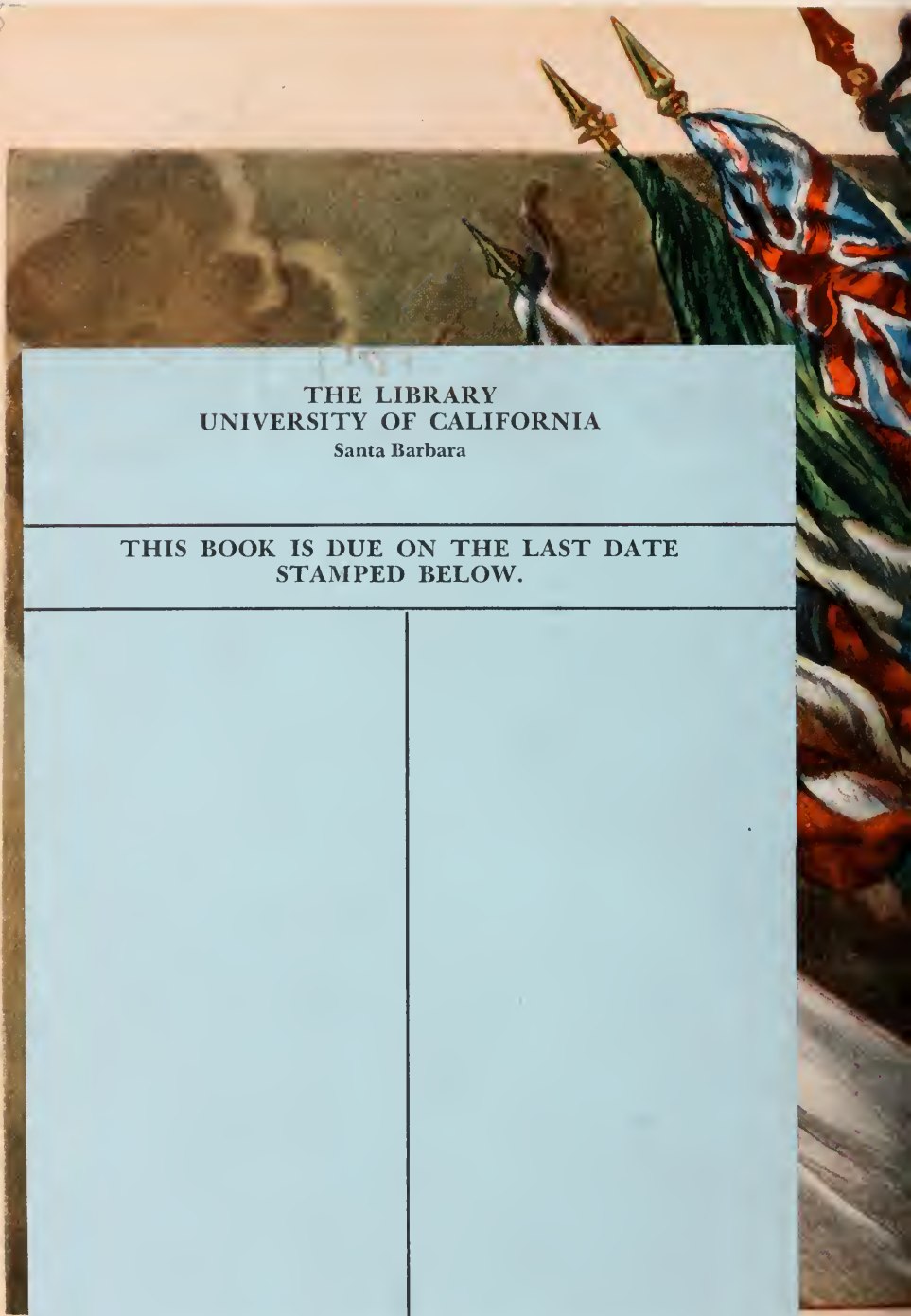

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